SPECIAL MARCH WINDS ISSUE

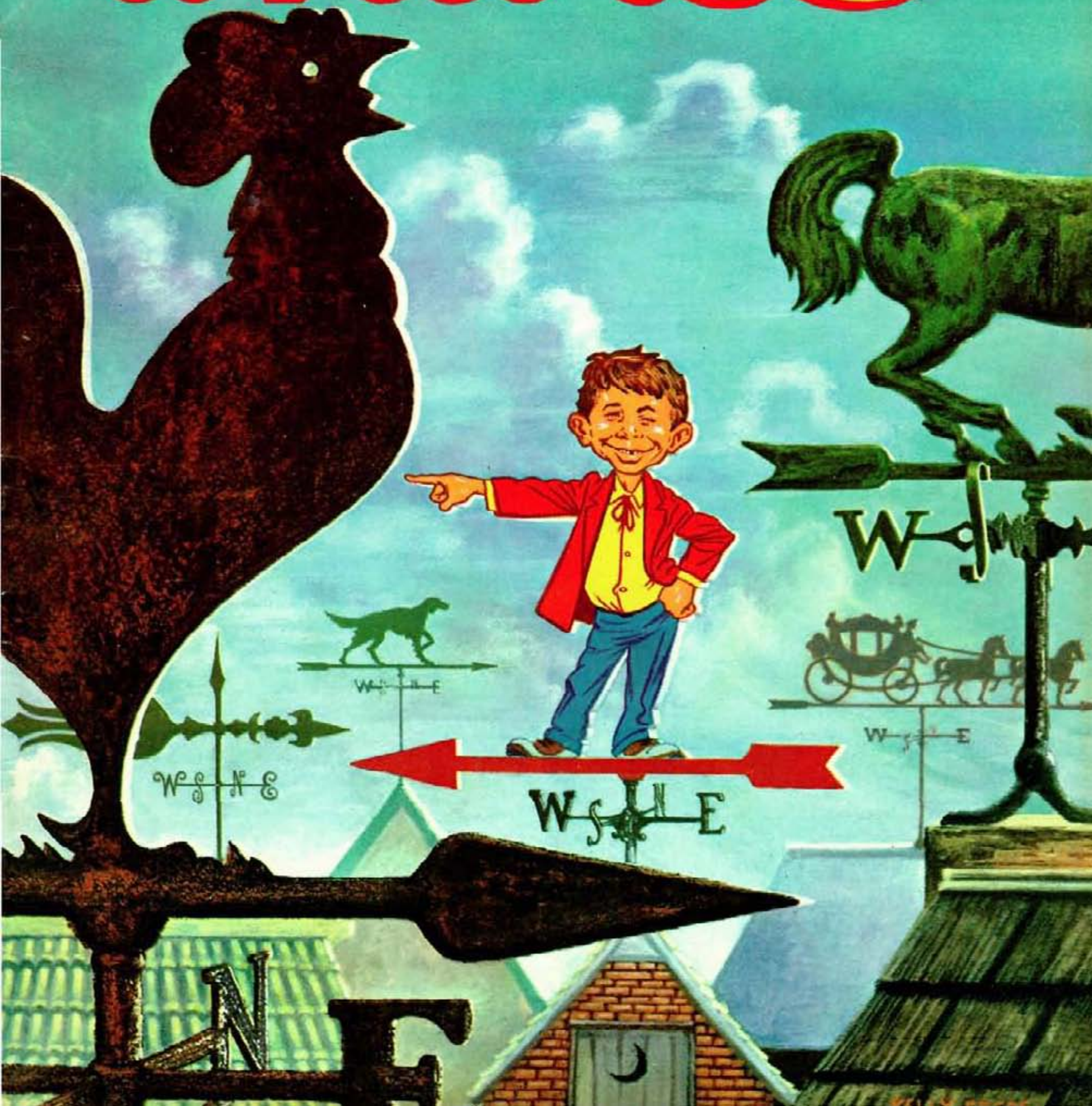
BY THE BLOWHARDS AT

MAD

No. 62

April '61

OUR PRICE 25¢ CHEAP





Model R 270. 23" over-all diagonal. 282 sq. inch viewing area. Complete with carrying handle and folding legs.

Feast your eyes on the first and only television set with no picture tube at all

General Realistic ENJOY-THE-VIEW TELEVISION

Let your own eyes convince you that *there's a wonderful world out there!*

People have been so conditioned to watching TV these days that they no longer appreciate the real world around them. Not unless they see it on their television screen at home.

To solve this problem, General Realistic engineers have designed a whole new line of television sets – *without picture tubes!*

With any new General Realistic "Television Set-Without-A-Picture-Tube", you can once more enjoy the sights of the outside world. Merely study those sights through the vivid "Enjoy-The-View" clear-air screen.

So, get out of your living room today! Go get yourself a new General Realistic Portable "Dummy TV" set. *Put it down anywhere, and begin to observe "real life" again!*

Protest Is Our Most Important Progress

GENERAL REALISTIC

TELEVISION RELIEVER DEPARTMENT, SYRACUSE, N Y

NUMBER 62 APRIL 1961

MAD

"The nicest thing about success is: you don't have to listen to good advice any more!" —Alfred E. Neuman

PUBLISHER: William M. Gaines **EDITOR:** Albert B. Feldstein

ART DIRECTOR: John Putnam **PRODUCTION:** Leonard Brenner

DOUBLE INDEMNITY: Jerry De Fuccio, Nick Meglin

LAWSUITS: Martin J. Scheiman, Esq **PUBLICITY LIES:** Larry Gore

SUBSCRIPTIONS: Gloria Orlando, Celia Morelli, Anthony Giordano

CONTRIBUTING ARTISTS AND WRITERS:

The Usual Gang of Idiots

DEPARTMENTS

**Various Places Around The Magazine

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VITAL FEATURES



If the population of the U. S. continues rising at its present rate, our new National Anthem will be "You'll never walk alone."



This article offers some suggestions for making dull reading matter more interesting, in hopes it works for our magazine.



In the past, if you felt a bulge in that Greeting Card from Granny, it was usually money. Nowadays, it could well be Granny.



Today, the "panelist" is an important element in TV entertainment — like U-235. Mainly, both of these are used in bombs.



"Never underestimate the power of a woman, so you won't be surprised when she unleashes it!" is the slogan of this magazine.



Few publications reach your mailbox which are as idiotic as Mail Order Catalogues, unless you are a subscriber to MAD.



If today's hip Rock 'n Roll teenagers keep it up, here's what they'll look like as tomorrow's hip Rock'n Chair parents.



Since films and TV have awards for "Bests," why not other popular forms of entertainment — like International Diplomacy.

ALLEY CATS HAVE NINE LIVES!

COOL CATS HAVE NINE BOOKS!

including our latest pocket-size collection:



- "LIKE, MAD" is not "Square!" *It's much longer than it is wide!*
- "LIKE, MAD" is "Real Cool!" *If you keep it in the refrigerator!*
- "LIKE, MAD" is "The Most!" *The most assinine stuff you've read!*
- "LIKE, MAD" is "The End!" *The end of a long line of successful paperback books, if it doesn't sell—*

"LIKE, MAD"

ON SALE AT YOUR FAVORITE NEWSSTAND OR YOURS BY MAIL FOR 40¢

— — — — use coupon or duplicate — — — —

MAD POCKET DEPARTMENT
225 Lafayette Street
New York City 12, N. Y.

PLEASE SEND ME: ☐ **LIKE, MAD**

ALSO PLEASE SEND ME:

☐ The **MAD** Reader	☐ The Brothers **MAD**
☐ ***MAD** Strikes Back*	☐ *The Bedside **MAD***
☐ Inside **MAD**	☐ Son of **MAD**
☐ Utterly **MAD**	☐ The Organization **MAD**

I ENCLOSE

☐ 40¢ for 1	☐ $1.35 for 4	☐ $2.25 for 7
☐ 75¢ for 2	☐ $1.65 for 5	☐ $2.60 for 8
☐ $1.00 for 3	☐ $2.00 for 6	☐ $2.90 for 9

NAME ____________________

ADDRESS ____________________

CITY ____________ ZONE ______

STATE ____________________

LETTERS DEPT.



CONGRATULATING THE WINNER

Coming on sale the morning after the Presidential election with the cover of MAD #60 congratulating John Kennedy was a pure stroke of genius. It made you guys look pretty smart.

Bill Stemmons
Tulsa, Oklahoma

Well, we are pretty smart!—Ed.

Coming on sale the morning after the Presidential election with the cover of MAD #60 congratulating Richard Nixon was a pure stroke of idiocy. It made you guys look pretty stupid.

Bill Stemmons
Tulsa, Oklahoma

Well, we are pretty stupid!—Ed.

The idea of using twin covers on *MAD* #60, each congratulating one of the major party candidates on winning the election, was a clever one, I admit. But what would you have done if one of the minor party candidates (like The Beat Party's Henry Krajewski, former pig farmer of Secaucus, N. J.) had gotten elected by a landslide write-in vote?

Fred Charles Bieler
Norman, Oklahoma

Left the country!—Ed.

SOUTH OF THE BORDER

Mis primeras palabras son de felicitación; a pesar de mi pobre inglés MAD me proporciona ratos agradabilísimos y regocijantes, que trato de compartir con mis amigos. Puedo decir que su revista es uno de los motivos que me impulsan a simpatizar con la Unión Americana.

Miguel Aznar
Mérida Yuc México

MAD ON TV

While watching the new TV show, "Peter Loves Mary" a few nights ago, my mother was surprised to see Peter Lind Hayes give his back-issues of MAD to his maid. Today, I came home from school to discover that my mother had given *my* back-issues of MAD to *our* maid. What should I do?

Doug Schocken
(No Address Given)

Don't complain to us! Complain to Peter Lind Hayes!—Ed.

I was calmly watching the "Bob Hope – Buick Show" on TV the other night when Hope said he was next-to-the-dumbest cadet in the Air Force Academy. Then, Alfred E. Neuman walked out onto *the stage. What are you guys trying to do,* wreck our military forces?

Jack Weltey
Ferguson, Mo.

Don't complain to us! Complain to Peter *Lind Hayes!—Ed.*

Tonight, while watching the Canadian television show "Front Page Challenge," I noticed the well-known Canadian author, Pierre Burton, reading a copy of MAD. Is this a sign that all the world is going "Mad"?

Robert W. Clarke
Mount Royal, P.Q.

No, just Pierre Burton!—Ed.

PROOF POSITIVE

I am a sophomore at Brooklyn Tech. That makes me smart to begin with. I brought your Jan. issue to school with me while I was having a Math exam. I would like to know why I flunked the exam. I've never brought a copy of MAD to school before, and I've never flunked a Math exam before. Doesn't that prove something?

Charles Smith
Brooklyn, N. Y.

Sure! It proves you're not as smart to begin *with as you thought!—Ed.*



EVERYBODY WANTS ONE!

Trouble is, nobody wants to PAY for it. That's why we are offering these full-color pictures of Alfred E. Neuman FREE! If you want one, just send 25¢ (to cover the cost of handling and mailing) to: Department "What-Color?", % MAD, 225 Lafayette Street, New York City 12, N. Y.

THE CAT'S MEOW



I thought you might be interested in the attached photo taken by my son, Jonathan, 13. Jonathan is an avid reader of MAD. He says that the leopard looked up from the copy of MAD and growled, "What's so funny about this?"

Ruben Levin
Chevy Chase, Md.

DISTURBED TEACHER

Frequent letters in your magazine relate how America's underpaid teachers are always getting free copies by confiscating them from students. Some of these letters seem authentic, and I have no reason to doubt the veracity of your correspondents, nor to question your motives in publishing their letters. However, I can't help but be disturbed and somewhat skeptical. The fact is that as a teacher at a technical high school, I have never been able to catch a student reading MAD . . .

James Doerner
Los Angeles, Cal.

Keep a sharp eye out! Meanwhile, you'll just have to continue buying copies!—Ed.

NEVER MISSES MAD

My father wouldn't miss an issue of MAD for the world. In fact, when we went away this past summer, he said, "Well, I certainly don't miss that stupid MAD!"

Melvin H. Hart
Winchester, Mass.

MAD DOG TRAINING

I have a problem: My father is training our dog to carry in the newspaper. This is O.K. with me, except that he keeps using my MAD magazines as substitutes for the newspapers. Naturally, my dog tears the magazines to shreds. What can I do?

John Sorensen
Minneapolis, Minn.

Start training your dog to carry in MAD by using your father's newspapers as substitutes for the magazines!—Ed.

WHAT'S THE ATTRACTION?

I would first like to say that I really enjoy your magazine, and that it has become a monthly habit. But can you answer a question which baffles me? Please tell me what attraction your magazine has for the supposedly intelligent people in this country?

Ca ol Jean Shiner
Topeka, Kansas

The same kind of attraction a flame has for a moth! — Ed.

MAD QUESTION

My locker buddy won't let me hang my color picture of Alfred E. Neuman in our locker. Can I get my quarter back?

Pat McCarthy
Bronx, N. Y.

Not a chance! Besides, he probably won't let you hang up the quarter, either! —Ed.

REVERSE ENGLISH

You guys may think you're funny by ruining the Marginal Thinking Department upside down from time to time through the magazine, but this method of humer doesn't help our eyesight or our nerves, and here's a taste of your own medicine, clods!

Gil Linder
Milford, Conn.

Please address all correspondence to: MAD, Dept. 62, Room 706, 225 Lafayette Street, New York 12, New York



STRETCHING A SELLING-POINT DEPT.

Have you noticed the gimmick Madison Avenue uses to keep its clients in business. It's a little trick called "Milking the Product"—which means taking a dull, ordinary item and cooking up a million different selling points for it. And each time they think up a new selling point, they create a big new advertising campaign to go with it . . . even though the product hasn't changed one bit. How does it work? Well, let's take a typical product—a simple harmless cake of soap—and watch what happens when Madison Avenue puts it through the sneaky process called

FIRST, THEY SELL THE SOAP



AFTER THEY SELL THE SOAP AND THE SUDS, THEY SELL THE SECRET INGREDIENTS



THE TOTAL SELL (CONSUMERWISE)

ARTIST: BOB CLARKE WRITER: SY REIT

AFTER THEY SELL THE SOAP, THEY SELL THE SUDS

SLANTED LABORATORY REPORTS NOW PROVE CONCLUSIVELY...

DRAB CONTAINS MORE SUDS PER SQUARE INCH THAN ANY OTHER BRAND!

MAKE THIS DRAB SUDS TEST TODAY...



Take the mouth of a small boy, and wash it out thoroughly with a cake of ordinary soap. Notice the skimpy bubbles . . . the poor frothing action . . . and the screams.



Now, wash that same mouth with **DRAB** and notice the difference. Lots of rich foamy suds to soak out the dirty words he screamed when you tried that other soap.

ONLY DRAB HAS MILLIONS OF "SUDS BUDS"! THAT'S WHY NOTHING SUDS IT LIKE DRAB

AFTER THEY SELL THE SOAP, THE SUDS, AND THE SECRET INGREDIENTS, THEY SELL THE SMELL

A rose garden at dawn...

A perfume counter at noon...

A garbage dump at twilight...

All these combined cannot match the "Heaven Scent" odor of a fine cake of... **DRAB**

DRAB's special fragrance is created by a careful blending of ambergris, chicken fat and homogenized oil of lichee nuts.

Try **DRAB**... the soap with the built-in "Wonder Whiff" it tells people: "Somebody **DRAB** has just gone by!"



**"If I let you kiss me, you'll lose all respect!
How can I lose what I never had to begin with!

AFTER THEY SELL THE SOAP, THE SUDS, THE SECRET INGREDIENTS AND THE SMELL, THEY SELL THE SHAPE

The Most Important 1/4 Inch in Washing Today

Yes, your skin is the most important ¼ inch in washing today, because your skin is so vital to today's "Modern Living." Mainly, we'd like to see you try living without it! That's why this important ¼ inch needs lots of wholesome nourishment! **AND THAT'S WHERE DRAB COMES IN!** Unlike ordinary soaps, each cake of **DRAB** is shaped like a blintz! When you wash with **DRAB**, you not only clean your skin, you **feed it** as **well**... so why not try a cake of nutritional blintz-shaped **DRAB** today!



DRAB

FOR THE SKIN YOU LOVE TO SCRUB

AFTER THEY SELL THE SOAP, THE SUDS, THE SECRET INGREDIENTS, THE SMELL, THE SHAPE AND THE COLOR, THEY SELL THE WRAPPER

Put a Little Fun in Your Life! Try Washing... *with* DRAB



Is your clean-up routine getting you down?
Are you suffering from "Wash-and-Bathe Blues"?

Maybe It's Due To

S.W.F.*

*Soap Wrapper Fatigue

Don't let the dull, uninteresting wrappers of ordinary soaps spoil the fun of washing up! Switch to

DRAB

in the handsome silverfoil wrapper

Fight S.W.F. with **Drab**... and feel **GOOD** again!

AFTER THEY SELL THE SOAP, THE SUDS, THE SECRET INGREDIENTS, THE SMELL, THE SHAPE, THE COLOR, THE WRAPPER AND THE STATUS IT GIVES, THEY SELL THE SUCCESS IT BRINGS



AFTER THEY SELL THE SOAP, THE SUDS, THE SECRET INGREDIENTS, THE SMELL AND THE SHAPE, THEY SELL THE COLOR



AFTER THEY SELL THE SOAP, THE SUDS, THE SECRET INGREDIENTS, THE SMELL, THE SHAPE, THE COLOR AND THE WRAPPER, THEY SELL THE STATUS IT GIVES



**"You're the only boy I've ever kissed!
Believe me, it shows!



AFTER THEY SELL THE SOAP, THE SUDS, THE SECRET INGREDIENTS, THE SMELL, THE SHAPE, THE COLOR, THE WRAPPER, THE STATUS IT GIVES AND THE SUCCESS IT BRINGS, THERE'S NOTHING LEFT! SO THEY DO THE ONLY SMART THING, COPY-WISE: THEY ADD THE WORDS: **"NEW—IMPROVED"** AND START THE WHOLE MESS ALL OVER AGAIN!



NO ROOM AT THE TOP DEPT.

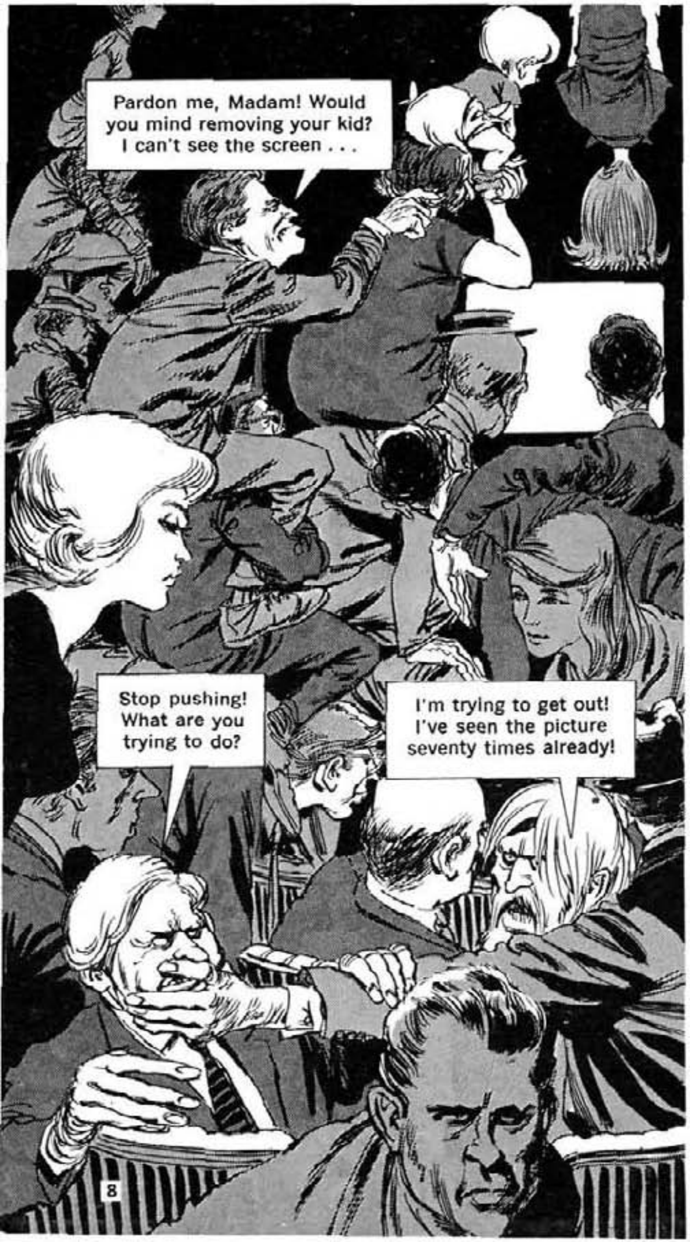
A few issues back (Mad #56), we briefly mentioned "The Population Explosion" and then devoted three pages to how it would eventually lead to "The Garbage Explosion". Well, we think you've had enough garbage since then (Mad #57, 58, 59, 60 and 61), so let's get back to "The Population Explosion" again. Accord-

THE POPULATIC

...And How It Will Af

ARTIST: GEORGE WOODBRIDGE

MOVIE-GOING OF THE FUTURE



LOVE-MAKING OF THE FUTURE



..My mother doesn't approve of necking!
I don't want to neck with your mother!

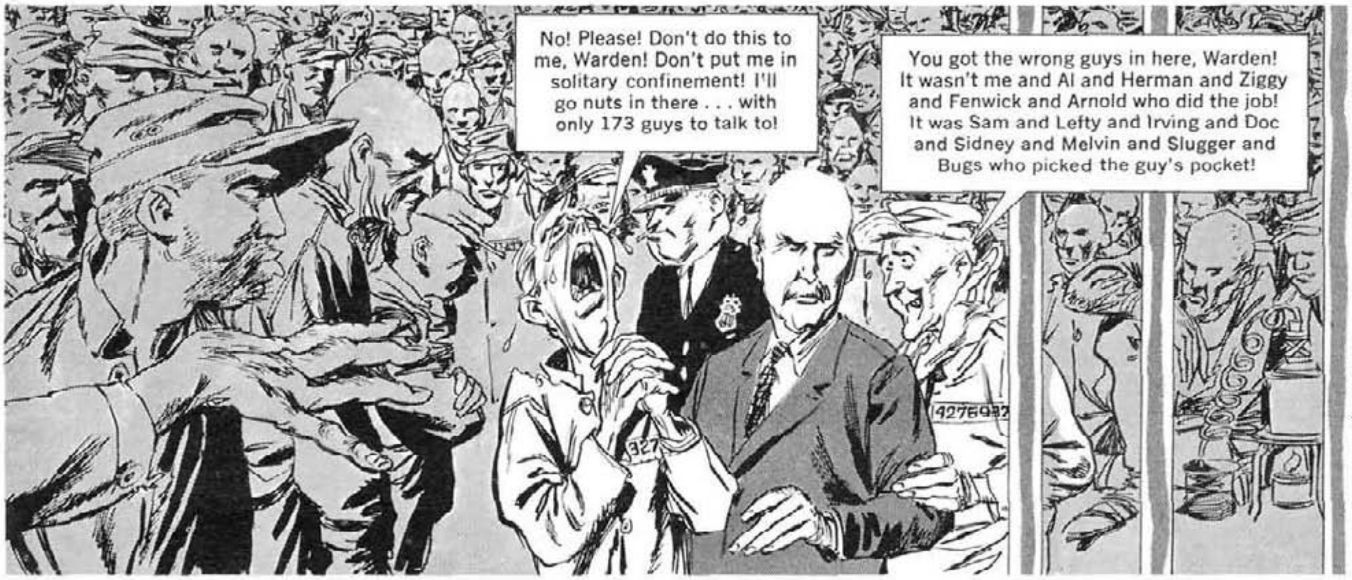
ing to scientists, the Earth's population is growing so fast that in a few hundred years everybody in the world will be standing shoulder to shoulder, with hardly any room to move. Which should create some interesting problems. And so, with this article, MAD gazes into it's crystal ball for a look at . . . . . .

ON EXPLOSION

ect Future Living

WRITER: LARRY SIEGEL

PRISON PUNISHMENT OF THE FUTURE

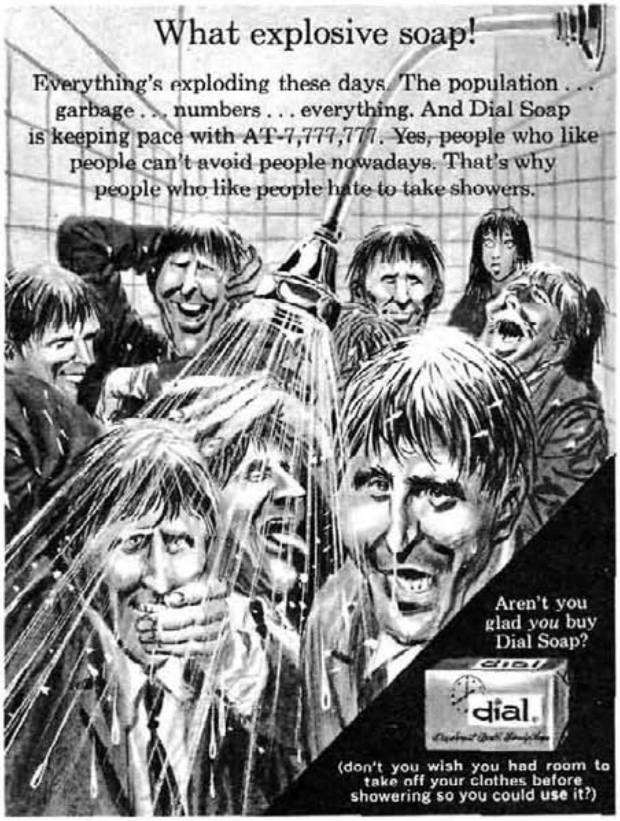


..If I kiss you, it'll spoil a beautiful friendship!
Why, do you kiss that bad?

TELEVISION SHOWS OF THE FUTURE



MAGAZINE ADS OF THE FUTURE

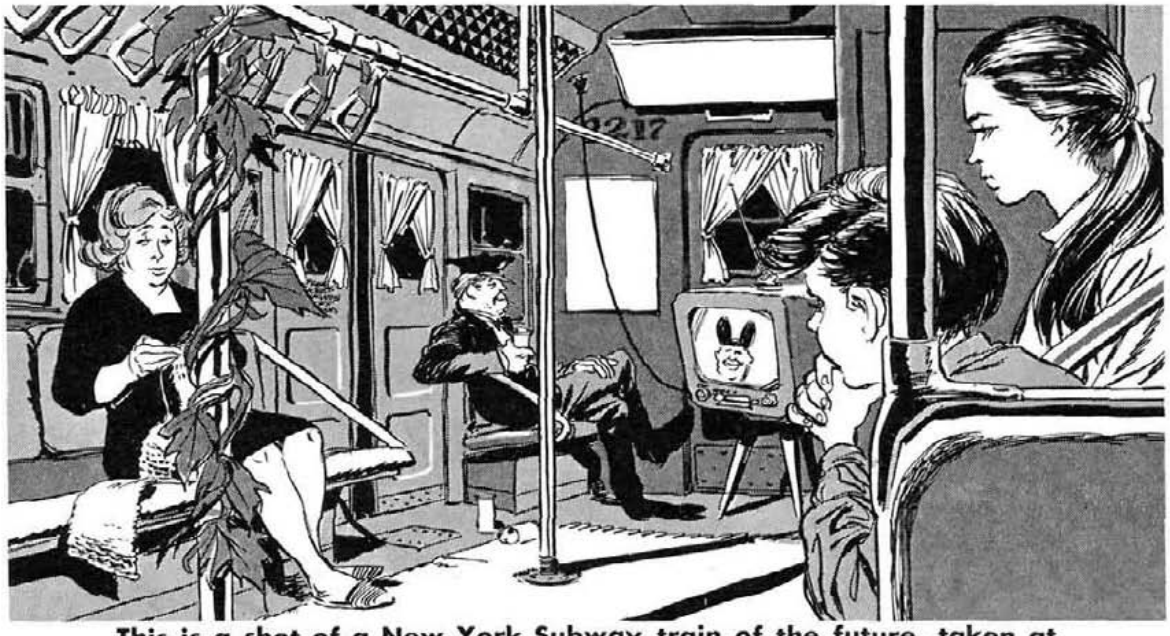


CLASSROOMS OF THE FUTURE



Kids in classrooms will be four to a desk; they'll be sitting on top of one another; and nobody will be able to do much breathing, let alone learning. In other words, *classrooms of the future won't be much worse than the way they are today!*

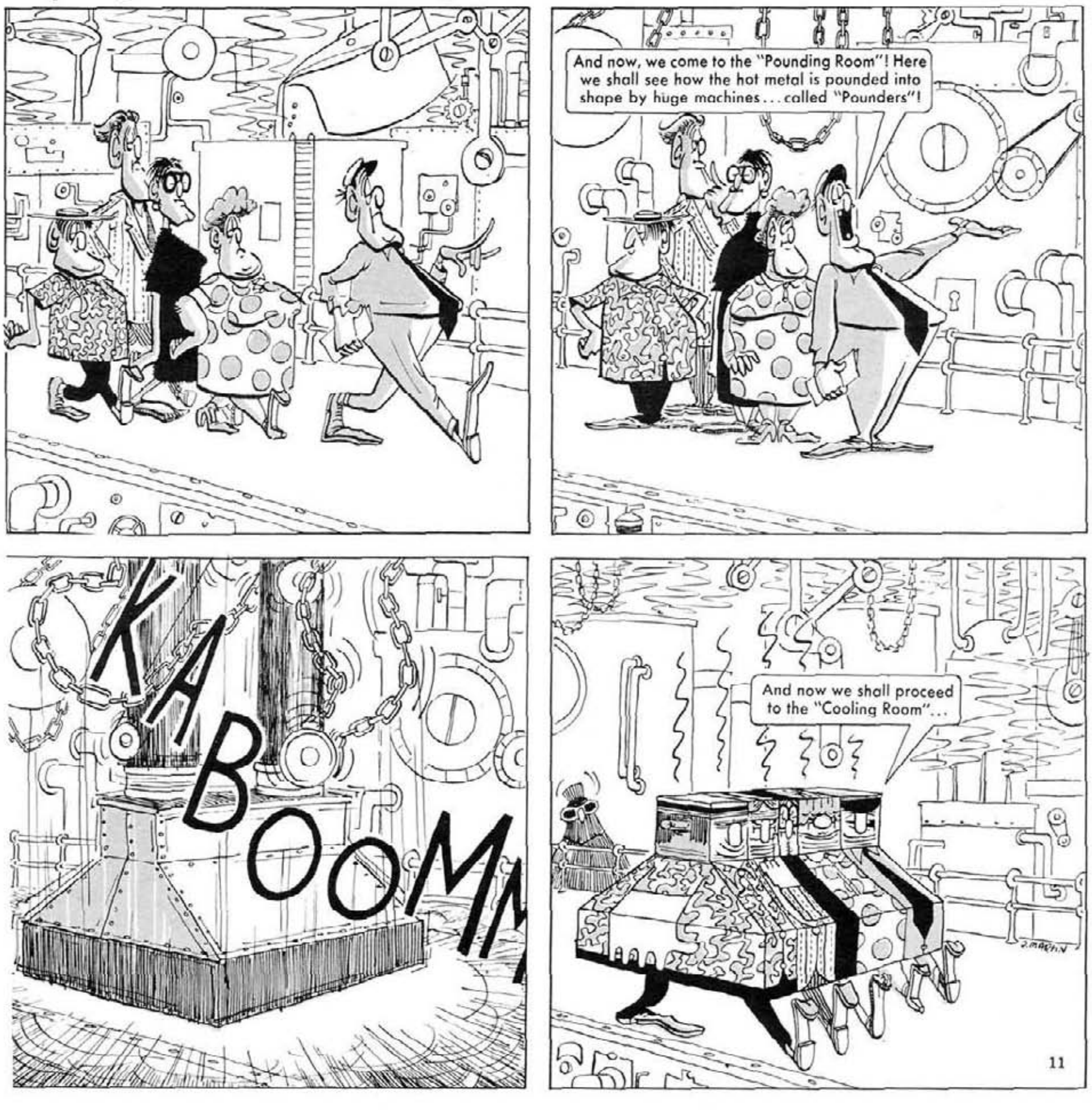
AND SO, IN A COUPLE OF CENTURIES, THE WORLD WILL BE SO CROWDED THAT PEOPLE WON'T BE ABLE TO MOVE MORE THAN THREE OR FOUR FEET IN ANY DIRECTION. WHICH MEANS THERE'LL BE NO TRAVELING, NO GOING TO WORK, AND NO TRIPS DOWNTOWN. THEREFORE, THERE'LL BE JUST ONE PLACE ON EARTH WITH PLENTY OF BREATHING SPACE AND ROOM FOR RELAXATION . . .



This is a shot of a New York Subway train of the future, taken at 5:00 P.M.—referred to laughingly back in 1961 as "The Rush Hour."

For his initial offering, Don Martin, MAD'S maddest artist, tells about an experience he got a big bang out of...the time he took

A GUIDED TOUR THROUGH A STEEL FOUNDRY



HO-HUMDRUM DEPT.

ARTIST: WALLACE WOOD

Today, the average person is forced to spend an awful lot of precious time plowing through extremely dull reading matter like bank statements and recipes and telephone *books and classified ads and MAD Magazine. Except for the latter (which is beyond*

HOW TO MAKE DULL READ

PHONE DIRECTORIES

OLD DULL WAY

Aab Arthur 44 Elm	**FU**ngus 4-7757
Aach Philo r 113 W. 13	**CL**od 5-0095
Aafton Max r 666 Sweeny	**RA**ncid 2-7300
Aafton Sylvia r 666 Sweeny	**RA**ncid 2-5479
Abercrombie Cynthia r 21 Freen Dr	**WA**xwing 3-9945
Abernathy Industries b 67 E. 44	**MU**cus 5-4859
Abner C r 121 Potrzebie Terrace	**FU**rd 6-0006

INTERESTING NEW WAY



Leading off our directory for the 17th consecutive year is Arthur Aab, who informs us that he is still living at 44 Elm St. Arthur wants everyone to know that his number remains **FUngus 4-7757**, and that he is very proud of his lead-off position in the book. Unfortunately, Arthur is currently unemployed, and if he doesn't find a job and pay his telephone bill real soon, he may not have anything to be proud of.



New to readers this year is Philo Aach, of 113 West 13th Street, who has just taken over Position No. 2 in our directory. Philo hails from Chicago, Vermont, and has come to this city to seek his fortune. Since Philo's occupation is Bookmaking, we can well understand his desire to have as many people as possible know his number. He can be reached before any race, unless the police reach him first, at **CLod 5-0095**.



When we informed dear old Max Aafton that his No. 2 spot was being taken over by newcomer PhiloAach, he actually discontinued his phone service. But just in the nick of time, 2 hours before this directory went to press, he relented. Max is still at the old stand at 666 Sweeny Road, and we kindly gave him back his old number: **RAncid 2-7300.** We're sorry we had to slip you down a notch, Max, but that's directory biz.



Max's wife, Sylvia, makes her debut in our directory this year with her own private number. It sure looks like things aren't going too well with the Aaftons. Rumor has it that their home is not exactly a love-nest, and that Sylvia is doing some heavy drinking these days. We sure hope that Max and Sylvia will be sharing the same number again real soon. Meanwhile those interested can reach Sylvia at **RAncid 2-5479.**



One of the most popular numbers in our book belongs to vivacious Cynthia Abercrombie, of 21 Freen Drive. Cynthia is a 38-24-37 redhead who plays the field, which probably accounts for her line being tied up so often. You can reach her between 1 and 5 PM. We advise not to call in the morning, as she likes to sleep late. But if you're free some afternoon, try **WAxwing 3-9945.** Cynthia loves meeting new people.



It's always a source of amazement to us, but here it is another year, and this maker of illegal fireworks is still in business at 67 East 44th Street. We've heard those horrible stories about what happened to people who bought Abernathy Industries' fireworks, but we're inclined to give the firm the benefit of the doubt. It isn't everybody who can beat the rap consistantly, so keep it up, boys—at **MUcus 5-4859.**



We're always intrigued when a subscriber refuses to divulge his first name and such is the case with C. Abner, of 121 Potrzebie Terrace. Recently, we called him at his telephone number: ***FUrd 6-0006***, and asked him about it, but he simply wouldn't tell us. So we had to await his check in payment of his latest bill. And now the secret is out. Sorry to turn tattle, but our other subscribers have a right to know, Chauncey!

CLASSIFIED ADS

OLD DULL WAY

FOR SALE

FORD, '56 4-door sedan, 2-tone red-and-orange, power steering, power brakes, whitewalls, 15,000 miles $700 PU-8-5699.

PUBLIC NOTICES

Having left my bed and board, I am no longer responsible for any debts incurred by my wife. Selma Fronglut. Fred Fronglut, 85 Popinjay Street.

INTERESTING NEW WAY

For Sale

Goodbye, Old Friend!

Faithful, reliable '56 Ford, we must part now! I shall miss you, dear 4-door car! I shall never forget how your beautiful 2-tone red-and-orange body glistened in the moonlight as I applied your power brakes to park on dark country roads. I shall always recall with pride how your power steering saved me precious moments as I accelerated away from approaching headlights. And I will forever treasure the memory of the way your whitewalls hummed as you carried me down highways in vain attempts to outspeed pursuing police cars. Oh, you have been more than just a conveyance. You have been a trustworthy companion, a loyal comrade-in-arms. And now, I must part with you for a mere fraction of your original cost—just $700. Someone will be calling soon. Someone will dial me at PU 8-5699. And when that call comes, I will have to put aside my feelings and reluctantly let you go. Whoever buys you will be gaining more than just a car with 15,000 miles on its speedometer. Whoever buys you will be gaining a friend.

Public Notices

From now on, she pays her own way!

I mean, what's a guy gonna do, considering the circumstances? Put yourself in my place. Me and Selma, we been married for 12 years. We lead a pretty happy life, me driving a hack, and she running the house. Like everything is hunky-dory, you know what I mean?

And then, one day, I come home from a tough day bucking traffic, and there she is in front of the mirror wearing a new dress. I ask her what it costs, and she says $75.00. Well, I blew my top! I gotta do a lot of hacking to make that kind of dough!

Then she explains that she's been reading about "America's Ten Best-Dressed Women", and she figures on making the list. I tell her that "America's Ten Best-Dressed Women" have "America's Ten Best-Fixed Men" as husbands, but she don't listen.

Pretty soon, she's using the rent and food money to buy expensive clothes. Then she's digging into our savings. Well, I'm at my wits end, so I puts my foot down. Selma, I says, either you cut out this crazy spending or we're through!

But it's no dice. She's stuck on getting her name on that list if it takes every cent I make. So I do the only thing possible. I go down to the bank, and I clean out what's left of our joint account. And that night, I tell Selma she ain't getting another dime.

So what happens? Selma packs a suitcase, tells me I'm a no-good cheapskate, and blows.

That's why I'm telling you birds who Selma owes money to for all them fancy clothes: You ain't gonna get it from me! I wash my hands of the whole business! From now on, whatever Selma buys is her own doing, and I ain't responsible! So don't bug me!

Fred (The Hack) Fronglut
85 Popinjay St.

..I'm not the kind of girl you can pick up!
Then why don't you go on a diet!

all help), it occurs to us that there is no reason why dull factual reading matter can't be made more interesting and entertaining. Publishers of all kinds of dry reading material might do well to consider the following MAD article which shows:

WRITER: FRANK JACOBS

ING MATTER INTERESTING

RECIPES

OLD DULL WAY

AXOLOTL PUDDING

1 quart goat's milk
½ cup axolotls (peeled)
4 tablespoons sugar
1 teaspoon salt
1 teaspoon vanilla
4 eggs (separated)

Boil goat's milk 4 minutes, or until skin forms. Add axolotls and stir until melted. Remove from heat. Beat egg yolks and fold into cooled mixture. Return to heat. Add salt, and flavor with vanilla. Spoon into custard dishes. Beat whites of eggs until frothy, and then spread over mixture. Brown slightly in a moderate oven. Serve cold.

INTERESTING NEW WAY

RECIPE COMICS

Today's Installment: "Axolotl Pudding"



BANK STATEMENTS

OLD DULL WAY

Quentin K. Quigley
445 Fosdick Drive
Finkberg, Ohio

IN ACCOUNT WITH
THE FINKBERG NATIONAL BANK
FINKBERG, OHIO

EXAMINE STATEMENT AT ONCE. ACCOUNTS CLOSE IN TEN DAYS

THE LAST AMOUNT IN THIS COLUMN IS YOUR BALANCE, IDIOT!

DEBITS	CREDITS	DATE	BALANCE
		Dec 1 '60	340.00
125.00		Dec 5 '60	215.00
142.25		Dec 12 '60	72.75
7.00		Dec 17 '60	52.75
13.00		Dec 23 '60	47.75
5.00		Dec 23 '60	34.21
13.54		Dec 29 '60	.21
34.00	5.00	Dec 30 '60	5.21

INTERESTING NEW WAY

THE FINKBERG NATIONAL BANK

PRESENTS

"THIS IS YOUR FINANCIAL LIFE, QUENTIN QUIGLEY"

CHAPTER 12—YOUR DARKEST HOUR

After eleven straight months of financial solvency, you, Quentin K. Quigley, faced Dec. grimly. Your checking account balance at The Finkberg National Bank stood at $340.00, with many bills coming due. And you wouldn't be paid again until Jan. 1, '61. You wondered if you could maintain the necessary $5.00 minimum balance through the end of the year. We wondered, too.

The first threat of danger came on Dec. 5th, in the form of your landlady, Mrs. Crushberry. The old bag demanded her rent. So you quietly wrote a check for $125.00 while Mrs. Crushberry stood at the doorway, cackling; and you stood at the table, gagging; and your balance stood at $215.00, falling.

Then, one week later, on December 12th, you received a statement from your ex-wife's lawyer. Her December alimony check was overdue. "Nagging Alice" had been replaced by "Nagging Counsel". With trembling hand, you wrote the check: $142.25. Your heart dropped as the letter dropped into the mailbox. Trouble is, your balance dropped, too, Quigley. Down to $72.75.

Three days later, the "Ant Breeder's Quarterly" announced that the final payment on your lifetime subscription was due. You scratched out a check for $7.00, pinching your balance to $65.75.

Then, on Dec. 17th, you were dealt a dirty blow. Mainly, you were out of shirts, and your laundryman, Hoo Hah, refused to extend any more credit. Another $13.00 check shrunk your balance to $52.75.

Would it never stop, this agonizing ordeal? The answer came six days later in a statement from your lodge, The Benevolent Brotherhood of Aardvarks: $5.00 for dues. Oh, Brotherhood! And on that same day, the Finkberg Telephone Company demanded $13.84. Your mind shattered, you wrote both checks and watched your balance plummet to $34.21.

If only you could get through the month without writing any more checks. But it was no use. Dec. 29th brought the final, crushing defeat. Pay $34.00 immediately, or face being dismissed from The Diners' Club in disgrace! That was it. As you wrote the check, you knew the awful feeling of a man whose bank balance had fallen below the minimum balance required.

That night, you packed your bags, Quentin Quigley. Thoroughly beaten, you planned to avoid scandal by leaving town. But as you emptied your bureau, your fingers touched something long forgotten... a reminder you had saved all these years. You held your breath. Because you had to. It was a bagel with a rolled-up five dollar bill...the first $5.00 you had ever earned as an apprentice hole-gouger for Amalgamated Bagel Bakeries.

When the Finkberg National Bank opened on Dec. 30th, you were the first one through its doors. Jubilantly, you deposited that crumby five dollar bill. You had come through, Quentin Quigley. You had triumphed. Your final Dec. balance stood at $5.21. With head held high, you strode from the bank into the morning sunlight, absently chewing on a very stale bagel.

MOVIE CREDITS

OLD DULL WAY

Pulmotor Pictures presents

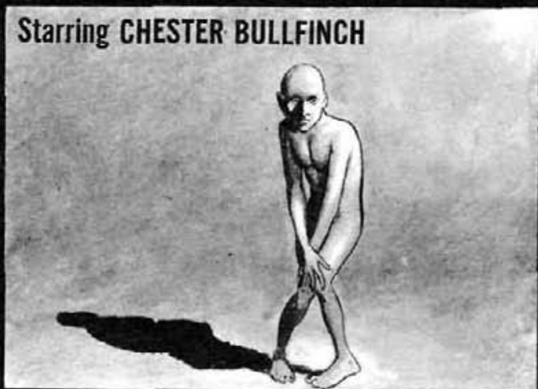
THE CREATURE
FROM
SCHENECTADY

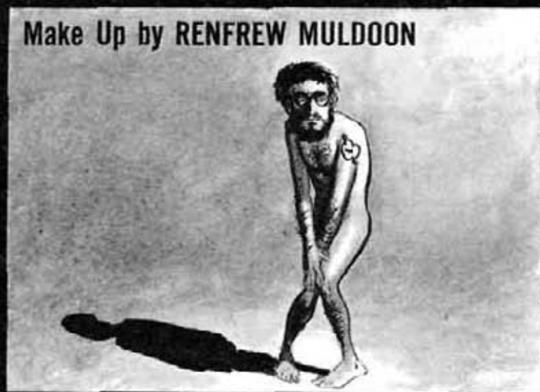
Starring

CHESTER
BULLFINCH

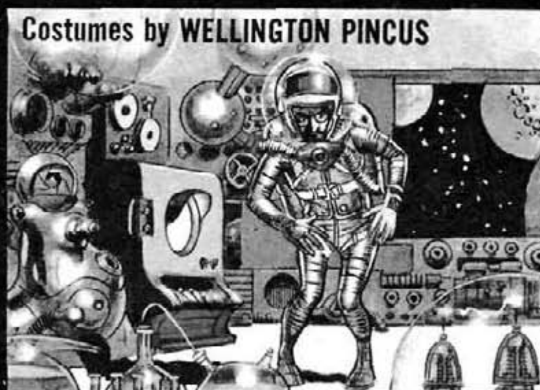
MAKE UP	RENFREW MULDOON
SET DECORATION	MELVILLE SCHLEP
COSTUMES	WELLINGTON PINCUS
SPECIAL EFFECTS	FERRIS LUMMOX
CHOREOGRAPHY	AGNES DE HALVAH

INTERESTING NEW WAY

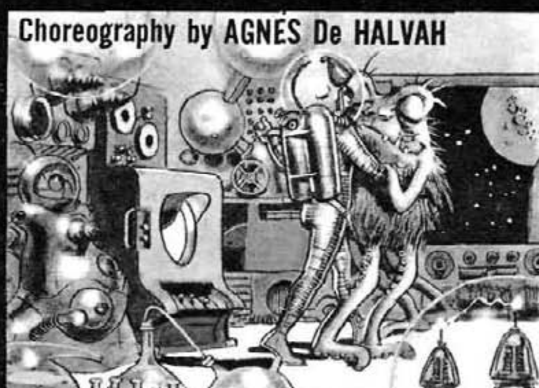












BATTLE OF THE BULGE DEPT.

Recently, we've noticed a new trend in Greeting Cards. And we don't mean that they're getting more and more insulting. That's an old trend. In fact, it's just about impossible to find a card that says something nice these days. No, we mean that Greeting

GREETING CARDS

ARTIST: BOB CLARKE

*Believe me, I'm trying!
Yes, I find you very trying!

From Your Balding Lover

A lock of my hair
I just cannot spare
For I need it on my head;
But don't blow your stack,
'Cause here is a sack
Of my DANDRUFF FLAKES instead!





Clarke

Greetings To An Energetic Neighbor

Your lovely shrubs, your lush green lawn,
Were such a joy to gaze upon,
That they inspir'd my loving spouse
To beautify *our* grounds and house.
So now, I spend my leisure time
Seeding, weeding, spreading lime,
Raking, aching, black-and-blue;
And friend, it's all because of you!
That's why I *pause, mid puff-and-pant,*
To send to you this little plant:
I hope you won't think rash of me –
It's POISON IVY! *Tee-hee-hee!*





Card manufacturers seem to be trying to see how much junk they can stick, staple, tape or tie to a card before it collapses on the rack. Naturally, this means that they'll be hard-pressed for attachment ideas before long, and soon we'll be seeing these...

WITH ENCLOSURES

WRITER: PHIL HAHN

Greetings To a "Shut-in"

Here's a card that's bound to cheer
In Summer, Spring, or Fall;
Just use this saw — I'll meet you, dear
Outside the prison wall.



Thank You For The Dinner

This "Bread-and-Butter" note from me
Attests your cooking was incredible.
The bread and butter's real you see,
The only thing that I found edible!





Halloween Greetings From An Old Fiend

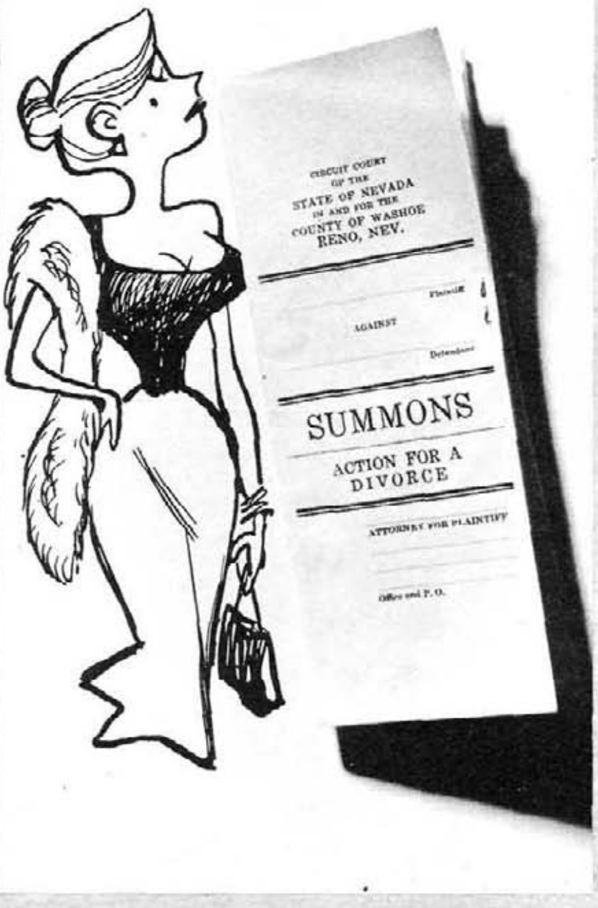
This Halloween card simply cannot be matched;
It's chock-full of ghoulish delights.
You see, that's a Black Widow Spider attached;
A LIVE one, that is . . . and she BITES!





To My Spouse On Our Anniversary

This is to inform you that
I am — without remorse —
Leaving you for good, you rat,
And suing for divorce!



APRIL 15th GREETINGS TO MY INCOME TAX COLLECTOR

The gift this card includes free
Should bring you joy, you crud!
It's what you try to get from me:
The last drop of MY BLOOD!



NO-TALENT ASSOCIATES DEPT.

Have you ever wondered how TV panelists get their starts? Have you ever thought about the agony they go through gaining a foothold in this highly specialized profession? Have you ever thought about what it takes to rise to the top of the ladder in the TV panel show world? You haven't?! That's odd; neither have we! And if you're like us, you couldn't care less! So just skip the next four pages, while the writer of this article and a few members of his family all laugh hysterically for no reason as . . .

''You can't make a fool of me! Because Nature beat me to it!

MAD VISITS THE WORLD'S GREATEST TV PANELIST

ARTIST: MORT DRUCKER WRITER: LARRY SIEGEL







Mr. Goodman and Mr. Todson! I'd like a job as panelist on one of your TV shows. Notice my wide, vacant grin, and my sincere nature. And listen to this bit of brilliant TV panelist chatter:
Thank you, Marvin, and on my right is the late, great Bernard Pivnick!
Listén, Johnny, we're busy men! We've got no time to waste auditioning office boys!
Besides, we're in the middle of writing a letter to the Government! We're trying to convince them our work is so vital, that in case of war, panel show producers should be drafted **after** chicken pluckers!
Please, please give me a break! Listen to this bit of inspired panel show repartee . . .
Murray, may we have a two minute conference?
Hmm, not bad, Johnny. You **do** show promise. But remember, there are other important things to TV panel work besides an idiotic smile, sincerity and brilliant chatter.
That's right! For example, how could you prove to us that you have **absolutely no talent?**
These four letters should help . . .
Let's see . . By George, a letter from Marlon Brando saying you can't act! And a letter from Mitch Miller saying you can't sing! And a letter from Fred Astaire saying you can't dance! And a letter from Zsa Zsa Gabor saying you can't kiss! Very promising, Johnny!
Excuse me. The phone!
Hello . . . Yes . . . What's that? . . Oh, **no!** Oh, how **horrible!**
Bad news, Goodman! Our ace panelist, Seymour Delight, just had a nervous breakdown. He can't appear on "What's My Disease?" tonight!
That's tough! Poor Seymour! I guess we overworked him. For years he's been fighting the industry for a fifteen-minute work week as a TV panelist. I guess he's right. The thirty-minute work week is a killer! What'll we do now? Where can we find a last-minute substi . . . say
Johnny, do you think . . . ?
Do I? . . . Oh, Mr. Goodman, I'd love to go on tonight's show. I'll be at the studio in 10 minutes . . . No, make it 15! I've got to pick up my blindfold. It's at the cleaners!
. . . and that was the night I got my big chance as a TV panelist, Mr. Morrow. Of course I was very nervous at first. And it was kind of rough going for a while . . .
Welcome once again to "What's My Disease?". I'm your moderator, Don Coyly. And now let's meet our award-winning panel. On my left is **Bennett Smirk,** star of stage, screen, radio, TV, book publishing, lecture touring, name dropping and blatant personal plugs!
Thank you, Don. And on my left is **Miss Dorothy Kilbottle,** noted newspaper columnist and East Coast President of the Jack Paar Fan Club!
Thank you, Bennett. and on my left is our special guest—panelist for tonight, **Johnny Sincere . . .**
Get rid of Sincere! He ain't smiling right!
He's only showing **15** teeth! Where are the **other 46?**
His smile don't reach his ears like it should!


Now, panel, see if you can guess the disease of our first guest, Mr. Walter Freebish. We'll begin the questioning with Johnny Sincere!
Mr. Freebish, does your disease make people happy?
Yes, Doctor people.
Throw Sincere out!
He's been talking for 4 seconds and he hasn't plugged anything yet!
Don, may we have a small conference?
Look, Johnny, you're all tensed up! Relax! You've got to give out with a tremendous smile and hold it all through the show! Whenever you think your smile is slipping, think of something funny, like think of the ridiculously large checks we're getting for thirty minutes of this insanity!
WAVE TO THE CHILDREN DEAR!
"I can marry anybody I please!
Too bad you don't please anybody!
And try to get some plugs in! You might mention that I'll be lecturing the West Side Rubbish Disposers of Moline, May 4th on the subject: "Are The Russians Closing The All-Important TV Panel Show Gap?"
Gee, thanks to both of you, I feel more relaxed now!
Mr. Freebish, is what you keep your medicine in for this disease bigger than a breadbox?
Hurray for Sincere! That was a very sincere question!
Look at his magnificent smile now! It's passed his ears and reached all the way to his sideburns!
He's gonna be all right!
I'll take a wild guess, Mr. Freebish! Is your disease . . . a bad heart?
Excellent question, Johnny! You're doing wonderfully well! Even I couldn't tell that, and I carefully examined his clothes labels!
A bad heart? You're absolutely right, Johnny! He does have a bad heart! . . . Don't you, Mr. Freebish? Mr. Freebish . . . ?
MR. FREEBISH!
Johnny Sincere is the greatest panelist alive!
Yeah, but Freebish is the greatest panel guest, dead!
5


Well, that's the way the guest bounces, eh, gang? Ha-ha-ha-ha! Say, I'm having a wonderful time, aren't you? How about running some films of last year's Chilean earthquake? I hear they're a panic!
What a marvelous time Johnny is having on this show, Bennett! Having fun no matter what happens is the mark of a truly great TV Panelist!
I have to admit that he's even happier than I am. And I never thought that was possible!
MD
. . . and my cousin Melvin owns a meat market at 2130 Tremont Avenue in the Bronx . . . and on my right is Dorothy Kilbottle . . . and my brother Stanley wipes windshields on The Bowery . . . and may we have a small conference? . . . and by any chance has our mystery guest appeared in a Broadway play in the last three centuries . . . ?
Sincere is brilliant! Notice the masterful way he blends plugs and exciting panel chatter into one sentence without even catching his breath!
Yes, Bennett! There's no doubt about it . . . Johnny Sincere is the WORLD'S GREATEST TV PANELIST!
. . . and that's how it all started, Ed. Of course, you know the rest . . . about my international fame, and like that!
I'd like to thank you for telling us the wonderful story of your life, Johnny. And I'd like to add that you have really tremendous talent as a story-teller! You stated the facts so well that I listened eagerly to every word . . . and I was absolutely thrilled! Yes, Johnny Sincere, you have tremendous talent!
Hold on there! Just one minute!
Well, well! What a nice surprise! It's Mr. Goodman and Mr. Todson, my producers! What are you two doing here?
We heard every word you said, Sincere! We also heard every word Mr. Morrow said! About you having tremendous talent!
You're through, Sincere! Washed up! Finished! Who ever heard of a TV panelist with talent? Turn in your blindfold and extra teeth! You're barred from TV panel shows for life!
Now we're in trouble! We've got to find a replacement for Johnny Sincere on our panel show tonight! Where can we find someone with a vacant, idiotic grin and no talent?
Say, look at that clod out there reading this cartoon panel! HE'S PERFECT! LET'S GRAB HIM BEFORE HE GOES ON TO THE NEXT ARTICLE! HEY, YOU! CLOD! YOU WANT A JOB? THE PAY IS GREAT. YOU DO NOTHING BUT MAKE AN IDIOT OF YOURSELF! AND YOU'VE ALREADY GOT A HEAD START! WAIT! HOLD IT A MINUTE! YOU! CLOD! WAIT . . .

JOKE AND DAGGER DEPT. PART I

Antonio Prohias is a famous Cuban artist who defied the censorship of the Castro regime with anti-Communist cartoons—until he was forced to flee Havana with his life. Now, he graces MAD with his cartoon sequence of friendly rivalry called—

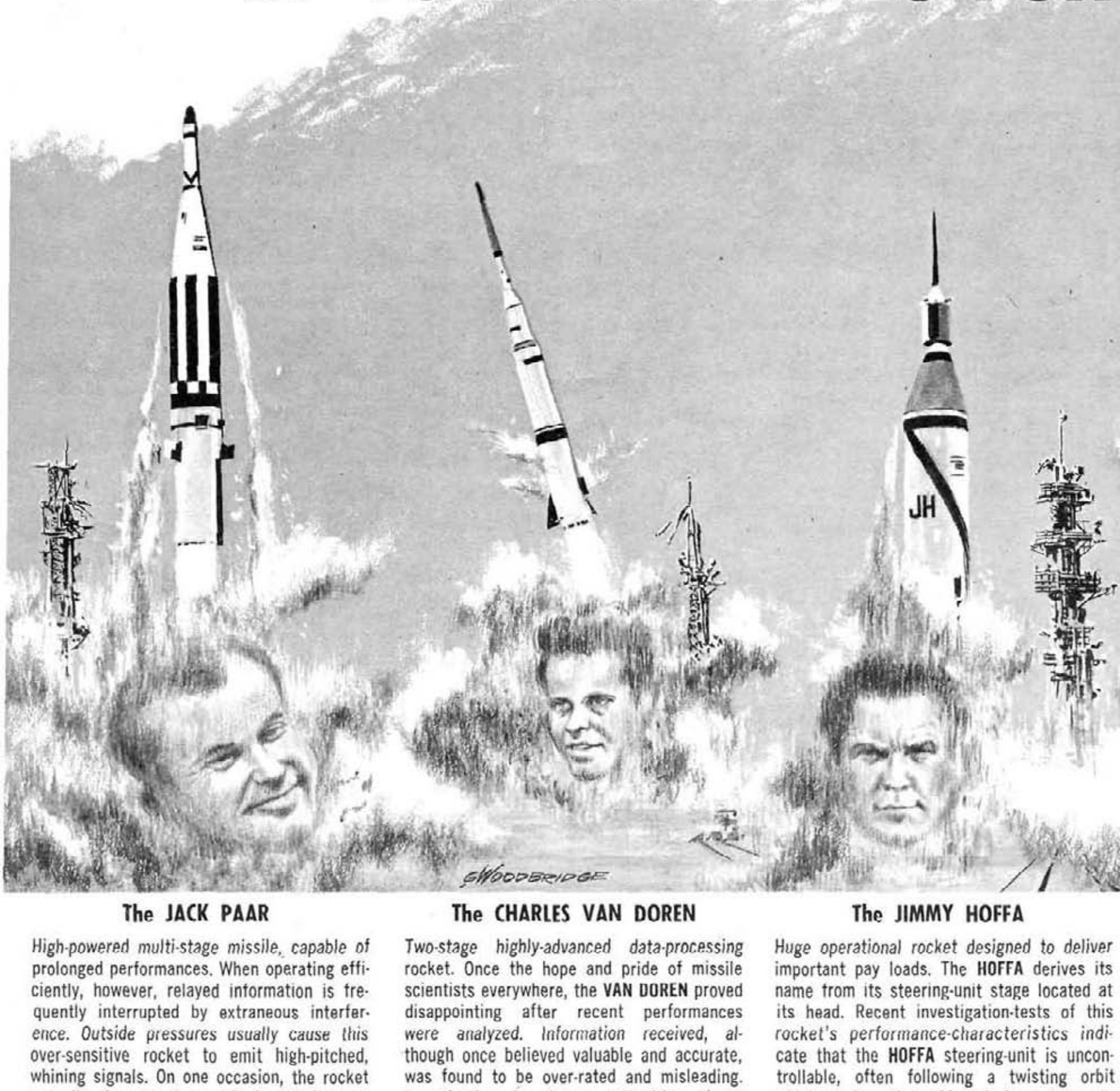




• • Well I'll be a monkey's uncle!
There is a family resemblance!

One of the reasons America's Rocket & Missile Program isn't all that it should be is probably due to our space-scientists not being realistic enough. As evidence, just take a look at the names they keep giving our

UP-TO-DATE NAMES FOR



The JACK PAAR

High-powered multi-stage missile, capable of prolonged performances. When operating efficiently, however, relayed information is frequently interrupted by extraneous interference. *Outside pressures usually cause this* over-sensitive rocket to emit high-pitched, whining signals. On one occasion, the rocket actually threatened to quit functioning under such stress. Its warhead is capable of exploding without warning at any stage. Path has often proven to be difficult to control. Many scientists fear that continued testing may result in the **PAAR** burning itself out.

The CHARLES VAN DOREN

Two-stage highly-advanced data-processing rocket. Once the hope and pride of missile scientists everywhere, the **VAN DOREN** proved disappointing after recent performances *were analyzed. Information received, al-*though once believed valuable and accurate, was found to be over-rated and misleading. Investigation by Space authorities shows that data was pre-fed to rocket prior to launchings by rascally defense contractors.

The JIMMY HOFFA

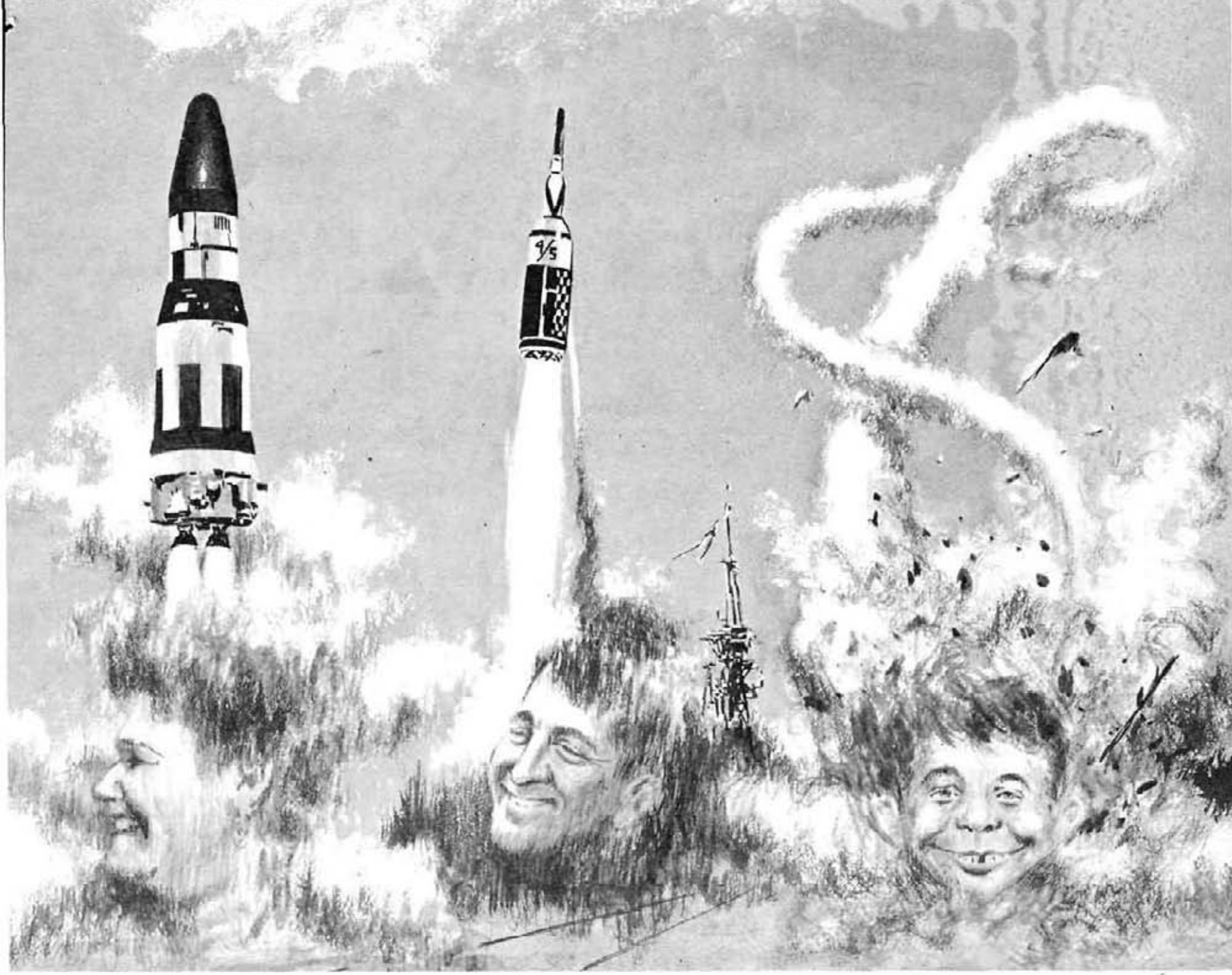
Huge operational rocket designed to deliver important pay loads. The **HOFFA** derives its name from its steering-unit stage located at its head. Recent investigation-tests of this *rocket's performance-characteristics indi-*cate that the **HOFFA** steering-unit is uncontrollable, often following a twisting orbit which eludes all tracking devices. Attempts to obtain accurate information during these tests have failed, due to the unit's usually full-powered transmitting apparatus suddenly refusing to function during critical stages.

..I never speak to strange men on the street!
What should I do, open an office!

missiles and rockets . . . names like Atlas, Titan, Thor and Jupiter. Why don't they get realistic, and use names that fully describe the characteristics and functions of each rocket . . . like f'rinstance these . . .

ARTIST: GEORGE WOODBRIDGE
WRITER: FRANK JACOBS

ROCKETS AND MISSILES



The LOUELLA PARSONS

Far-probing rocket, containing apparatus which picks up and analyzes samples of cosmic dirt. Special feature consists of solar-powered electronic device that keeps transmitting information about the stars 24 hours a day, with little chance of wearing out. Space Scientists are currently attempting to correct its aim which is seldom accurate.

The DEAN MARTIN

Versatile multi-stage liquid fuel missile. Performance tests have proven conclusively that the **MARTIN** functions extremely well as long as liquid fuel used is highly volatile. Capacity of fuel tanks exceeds that of most other operational missiles. Pronounced waver, noticeable during past flights, did not seem to affect the efficiency of its operation. However, recent launchings with less volatile fuel have been disappointing.

The ALFRED E. NEUMAN

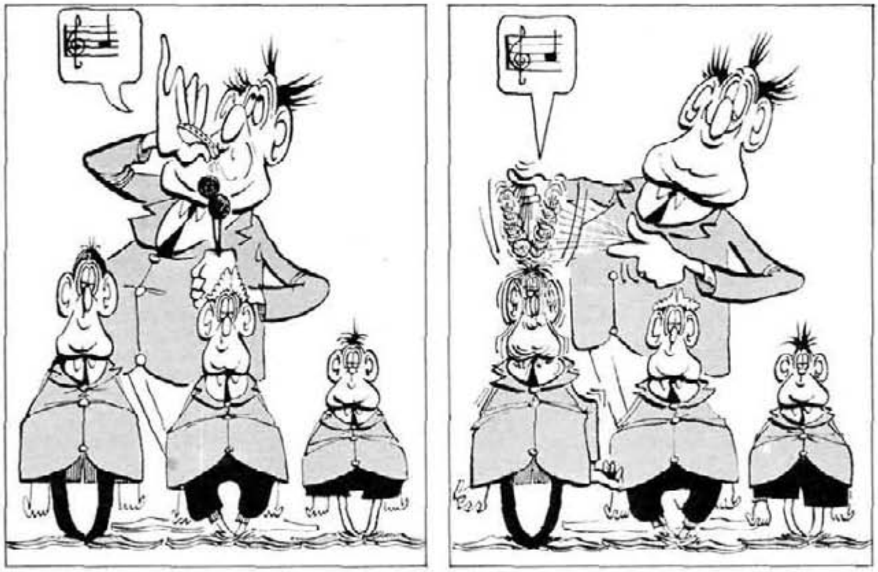
Half-stage rocket with extra-large fins and pointed head, developed by crack-pot fringe group. Designed in conjunction with release of atrociously decorated paper satellite which usually travels in ridiculous circles, displaying no intelligent direction or defined orbit. Undergoes eight tests a year. Value of rocket and its satellite remains undetermined as all tests thus far have resulted in total failures. In most recent launching, the **NEUMAN** reached a height of absolute absurdity before returning to Earth and blowing up its own stupid launching pad.

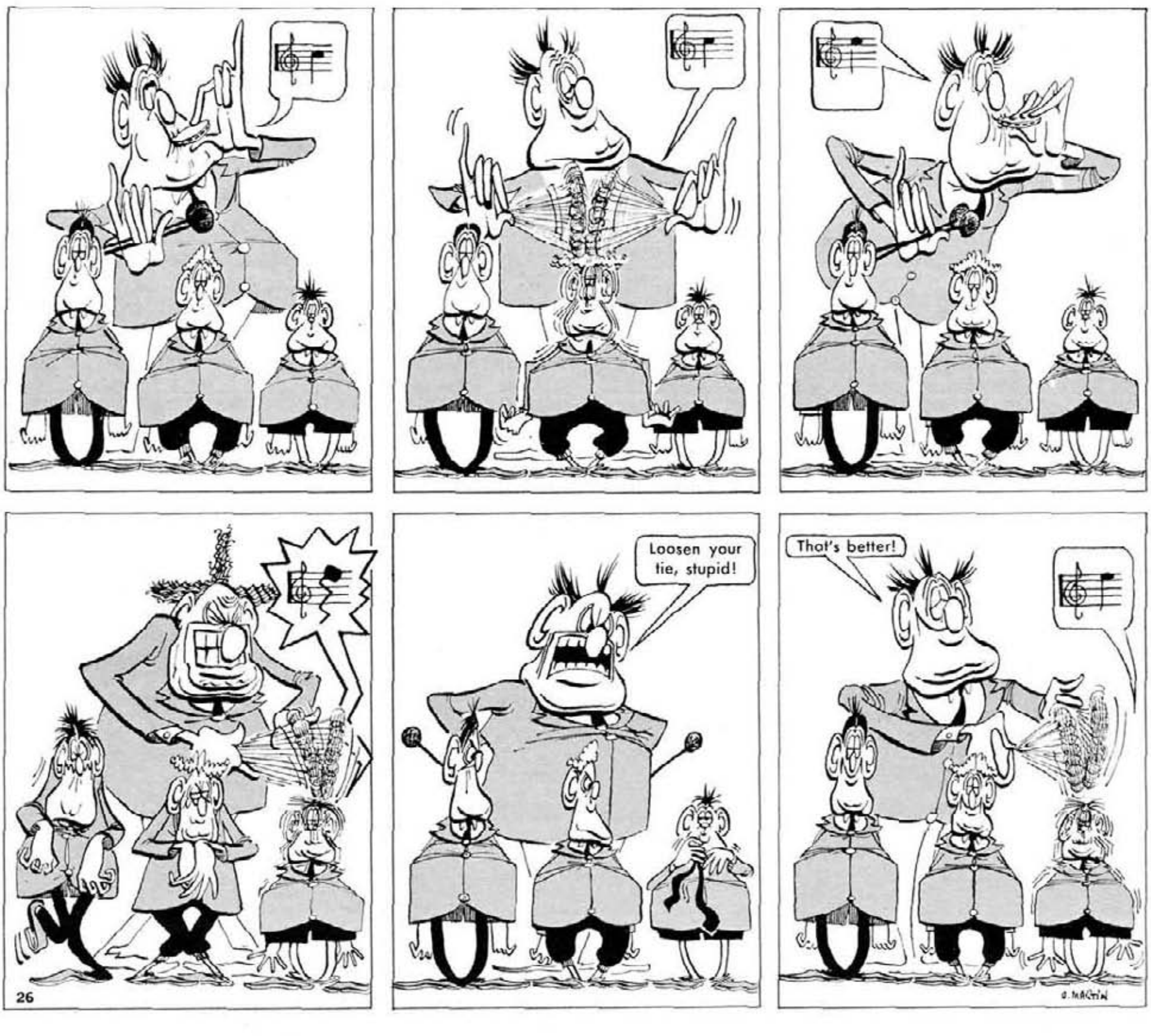
..I'm not myself, tonight!
I noticed the improvement!

DON MARTIN DEPT. PART II

As a child prodigy of 3, Don Martin wrote "Fugue for Violin and Rattle". as a father-idiot of 30, he teaches his family —

TOGETHERNESS THROUGH MUSIC





BRINGING DOWN FATHER DEPT.

Today, the male of the house is slowly but surely being reduced to the status of an ineffectual clod whose only function seems to be the amassing of the wealth he will ultimately leave his widow. This insidious plot to turn the American husband into nothing more than an income-producing appliance which pays for all of the other labor-saving appliances that make the American wife's life so much easier is carried on each month by magazines like:

ARTIST: JOE ORLANDO WRITER: TOM KOCH





"Lots of husbands have irrational ideas during middle age. This is the time when the wife must never weaken or lose the upper hand."

DR. SCHLOCK TALKS WITH WIVES

The meaning of your husband's fears



When he is confused and lonely, whip him back into line before it is too late.

By BIRDIE SCHLOCK, D.V.M.

Many women who are competent, alert, aggressive and overbearing in most phases of riding herd on their families often find themselves completely at a loss in coping with the irrational fears and seeming obstinacy of their middle-aged husbands.

Scarcely a day goes by that the whining, subservient postman on my route doesn't deliver a package of letters from wives seeking advice on how to keep husbands in their forties and fifties from getting out of line. Here are brief excerpts from four different letters I have received recently:

1. "My husband, Brucie, who is 43½, has started exhibiting entirely too much curiosity about our family finances. Severals times, I have caught him sneaking a look into our checkbook in an obvious effort to find out how much money we have in the bank. Fortunately, I keep the stubs in such a mess that his underhanded efforts have been futile. But I sense a warning in this small display of independence, and I certainly want to nip things in the bud before he starts asking questions about what stocks we own, and how much money we owe, and other things that are none of his business. What can I do?"

2. "My mother ran off with a carnival shill in 1946, and, as the eldest daughter, I have had to assume the responsibility of managing my father. He is now 52, and is becoming as wild as a March hare. He whimpers constantly that he needs a larger allowance. I am certain that he wants the money so that he can afford to take the bus downtown to the record store and leer at the album covers. What's gotten into him?"

SUMMER RAIN

By EMMA FORDYCE WIERBOGGER

The rain comes down
Like little people;
Flee the town
Or climb the steeple.
I feel a thrill
When it starts raining.
It's a shame the sewers
Are not draining.

3. "Sidney is 44, and has been in training for almost 20 years. Aided by my mother and her mother, who both live with us, I was certain that I had Sidney's spirit completely broken, but now, suddenly, he has started to give me a lot of backtalk, and even refuses to fold his napkin and put it back in the napkin ring after meals. If left unchecked, couldn't this lead to his refusing to mow the lawn, smoking in the house, taking Sunday afternoon naps and heaven knows what?"

4. "In making Rupert afraid of me, I seem to have overdone it. He now cowers before everyone who comes into the house, even other men. He complains that when I send him out to argue with tradespeople, it gives him a headache. I punish him, but it does no good. Please help me!"

It is difficult for us women to accept the fact that men are capable of having certain feelings on a low, but nevertheless, conscious level. In the forties and fifties, the so-called "dangerous years," these feelings may even be accompanied by a vague desire to assert independence. Many husbands lack the nerve to express this desire overtly, and so retreat into irrational phobias and symptoms like watching baseball games and Westerns on TV. This is a time to tighten, rather than relax the reins. It is a time of trial for every married woman. But console yourself with the thought that this phase will pass when he sees it getting him nowhere.



Mrs. E. B. Whipsnade of Troy, N. Y., helps her husband sign up for short-term big pay-off insurance policy. Money that might be squandered on needless doctor bills will be used to cover the premiums.

How Much Insurance Does Your Husband Need?

Statistics show that Women live longer than Men. Don't slip up on this Vital Fact in planning for your "Golden Years"!

Little by little, America is becoming a nation of widows. Husbands, motivated by selfishness, irresponsibility, and stubborn insistence upon having their own way, seem to be forming a resistance group intent only on working itself into an early grave – obviously as a means of escape from this selfishness, irresponsibility, and stubborn insistence upon having their own way that women possess.

Contrary to popular belief, women need not take this revolt lying down. Neither must they make personal sacrifices to afford the medical care necessary to patch their husbands up so they can go back to work. The real solution to the problem lies in adequate life insurance.

Whether the policy is taken out soon after marriage when the husband is still in shape to pass a physical, or later in life when fewer but larger premiums must be paid, is a choice that each wife must make for herself. The important thing is not to postpone the decision too long. We have all known widows who procrastinated in the belief that their husbands lacked the courage to acquire a fatal illness. Only when it was too late did they realize what fools they'd been.

"Should I get him to sign up for double indemnity, or just straight life?" is a question I am often asked by women who wish to get the maximum return for the smallest possible investment. My advice, naturally, differs from case to case. For men who drive nitroglycerine trucks, repair TV transmitter towers, and/or test leaky submarines, double indemnity is worth the few extra dollars outlay. The same may be true for husbands whose wives plan to murder them – although in such cases, juries have been known to look with disfavor on double indemnity policies.

The best byword is: Get him to sign up for something, and make sure it's *big!* You don't want to live like a churchmouse after he's gone, do you? You can pay for the premiums out of his allowance, and

CONTINUED ON PAGE 439



Mrs. Whipsnade achieves peace of mind, knowing that her simple needs will be cared for.

Can this Husband be Salvaged?



You take a marriage like this one here, and right away you know it just don't got it. You understand what I mean? It's like—well—sometimes two people get together and they got it. And then, maybe some other time, you take the same two people—or maybe just one of the people—or even two other people—and nothing. Do you get what I'm trying to tell you? It's chemical. That's the whole lousy deal right there. It's chemical. Anybody *will* tell you that. It's just—well, chemical. You follow me? Anyway, one thing we ain't at the American Institute for Strained Family Relations is chemists. *Phonies, yes. But chemists, no. That's why we couldn't do nothing for* the idiots in this month's case. Their counselor, who committed suicide after the preliminary session, was Fanny Hornbeak Winegruber.

MINNIE FLAGLE, B.A., General Nuisance

SHE: "Clifford is the kind of husband that any normal woman would want to hide *when company comes. He brings home a miserable three bills a week, and* he acts like this gives him the right to roughhouse with the children and set up a crumby workshop in the basement and spend mony for his own *personal enjoyment and gosh knows what all. If only I had listened to Mother!"*

HE: "If only she had!"



SELMA TELLS HER SIDE: "I don't *see how I can stand living with Clif*ford another day. He's a real nothing. Like, for one thing, he's an Electronics *Engineer. That'll give you some idea* right there. He makes $15,000 a year, and to him, this is a big deal.

"*My older sister, Shirley, is married* to a successful trigger man who is employed by a fine old firm of hoodlums. *He often makes more on one job than* Clifford makes in a whole month. My sister laughs at Clifford, and points out what a chump he is to work for peanuts. Naturally, this embarrasses me to tears in front of her.

"*Clifford is in an excellent spot to* embezzle from the company he works for, but he lacks the ambition and courage to do it. My sister has kindly consented to allow my brother-in-law to help plan the job, asking only a small commission for his services, and *still* Clifford refuses.

"How could any woman tolerate the constant nausea over being married to such a spineless jellyfish? Even my mother has been sweet enough to point *out Clifford's faults to him so he can* learn to overcome them. But it seems that his only desire is to wallow in mediocrity."

CLIFFORD TELLS HIS SIDE: "What right do I have to ask a woman like Selma to stay with me? She's so competent, so full of self-assurance. Her *mother has told me many times, in the* strictest confidence, that Selma had many chances for a much better hus*band than me. Hearing this upsets me* so that I sometimes have to excuse myself, and go cuddle my pillow and cry. *I should release Selma from her mar*riage vow, but who will look after me if I do?"

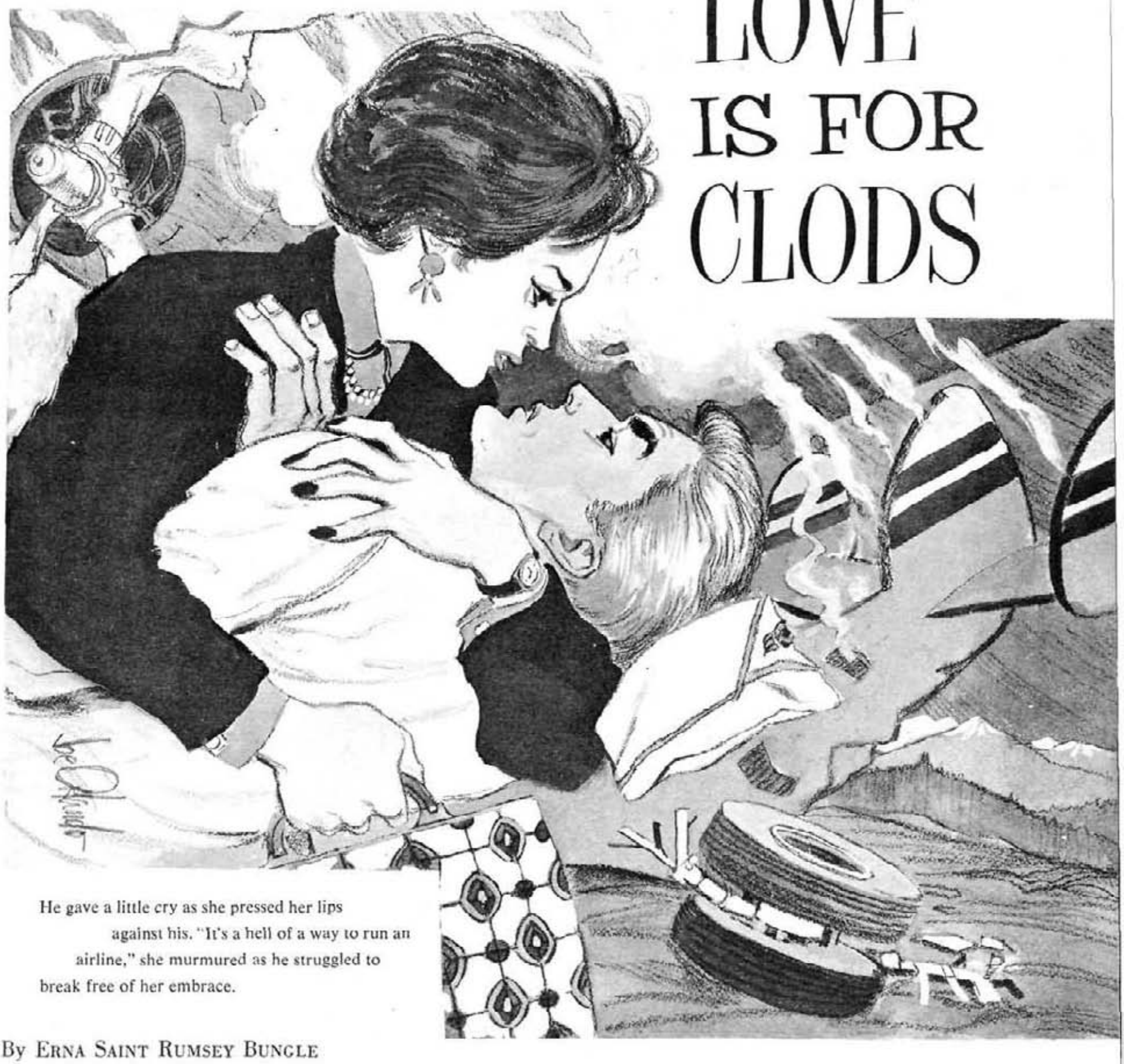
THE MARRIAGE COUNSELOR SAYS: "Clifford and Selma have a much greater chance for a happy marriage than either of them realize. *Despite* their differences, they have one important thing in common: they both recognize *Clifford's* inadequacies and shortcomings. When both the husband and wife agree that he is the enemy, this *mutual contempt can often be utilized* to draw the couple closer together.

"In addition, Selma's family has shown an interest in Clifford, and has done much to make him see what an inferior person he really is. Clifford says this upsets him. Yet if he had a physical affliction, he would certainly want other people to point it out. He *must realize that emotional afflictions* are no different. Only then will he be able to accept and utilize the helpful advice of his wife, his sister-in-law and his mother-in-law to stop acting like a ninny, and settle down to complete subservience."

"Clifford seems so indecisive at times, so unable to cope with responsibility. We all try to help and advise him, but he's a real nogoodnick."

His trim airline steward's uniform, and his coldly efficient "coffee-tea-or-milk?" manner told her he was probably one of those guys who thinks that . . .

LOVE IS FOR CLODS



He gave a little cry as she pressed her lips against his. "It's a hell of a way to run an airline," she murmured as he struggled to break free of her embrace.

By Erna Saint Rumsey Bungle

The five engines of the mammoth airliner droned monotonously as Tracy Batson leaned back in her seat, unfastened her safety belt, unfastened her girdle, and surveyed the steward as he made his way slowly up the aisle from the aft strut stabilizer to the forward propwash.

His honey hair and lavender eyes had caught Tracy's attention the minute she'd boarded the plane. She'd tried to engage him in conversation when they'd put down in Honolulu, and again when they'd landed at Midway. Perhaps she'd have better luck at Wake Island, she mused, as she studied his flashing smile, his soft moist lips.

Tracy cast a casual glance out the window of the big ship. Guys like him only took jobs on airliners because they were looking for rich wives, she told herself. All she had to do was play her cards right.

Through a fluffy cloud bank, Tracy glimpsed the blue Pacific far below. "This is a damned peculiar way of getting from Cleveland to Detroit," she said half aloud.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 617

THE JOURNEY'S
COMPLETE IN-ONE-ISSUE CONDEMNED NOVEL

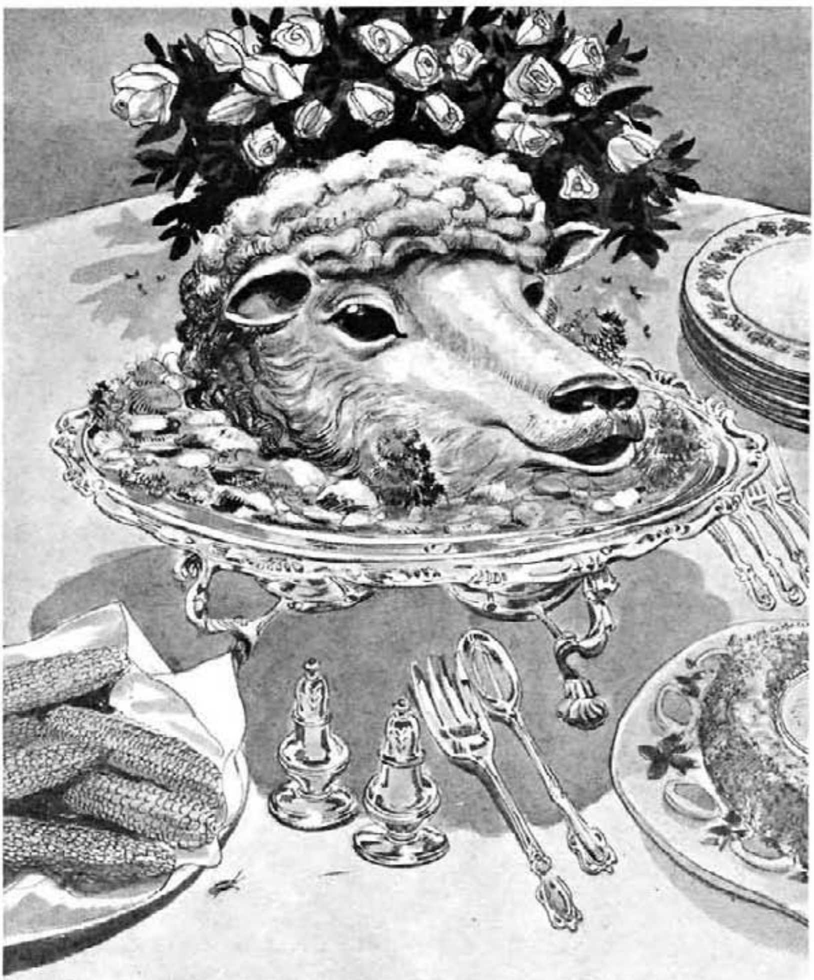
LOVE IS FOR CLODS
is soon to be published in book form by Random Madhouse under the title "The Life and Times of Dolly Madison"

"Cauliflower Surprise" is an easy to prepare warm weather dish that sets off a meal of water cress, moldy leftovers-a-la-king, and shimmering sauerkraut gelatine



Your guests will react with genuine feelings as you spoon out globs of this congealed delicacy. It's a meal to warm women to their hearts because it sickens men to their stomachs.

A Warm Weather Food Delight



By Gwen Schwip Fink

What homemaker is not eager to find a warm weather meal suggestion that practically cooks itself, but still brings a strong reaction from the men folk writhing around the table? Just such a delight is "Cauliflower Surprise."

Though it's more or less disgusting in itself, "Cauliflower Surprise" is a natural for adding colorful garnishes and little blobs of bright-hued stuff, which is so important in preparing a festive, even if unappetizing table. Whether your tastes in food decor run to artistically arranged sprig of poison sumac, brilliant red beet aspic, or vivid brussel sprout popovers, you can relax in the assurance that nothing can really be done to alter the taste or smell of your main dish.

"Cauliflower Surprise" is also ideal for the busy home manager because it is so absurdly easy to prepare. The first step merely consists of setting a bucket of yogurt in a warm sunny place and letting it grow ripe for about two or three weeks. Meantime, ask your neighborhood butcher or slaughter-house to save you the head of a medium-sized sheep. This portion of the sheep has little commercial value, and the charge on a cash-and-carry basis is certain to be nominal.

Being careful to leave the wool intact, and the eyeballs in place, hollow out the head and stuff with a poultice of your aged yogurt laced with neatly diced cauliflower. Bake for eight to ten hours in a room liberally supplied with Airwick.

Side dishes are optional. After one whiff of the main course, the average husband seems to loose interest in everything else. And so you've racked up another score in your subtle campaign to undermine his health. Follow up this dish with a dessert of chopped chicken bones garnished with ground glass, CONTINUED ON PAGE 789

GALLOP PALL DEPT.

Today, we live in a world of fantastic industrial and scientific progress, where bigger and better machines and technological achievements are creating more leisure time. And yet, what are people doing with this ever-increasing leisure time? They're turning away from their own advanced civilization and returning to the primitive. They're making things by hand, they're traveling to underdeveloped countries, they're collecting antiques. They're even giving up 250-horsepowered transportation for the one-horsepowered variety. Namely, they're taking up

HORSEBACK RIDING



WRITER & ARTIST: DAVID BERG

THE TYPES OF HORSES

A novice should learn the types of horses, so he'll know if he's on one or not.

THE ARABIAN HORSE

This variety was developed by Sheiks and Sons of Sheiks in the desert . . .



THE THOROUGHBRED HORSE

This variety was developed by Southern gentlemen-farmers in Kentucky...



THE CHARLEY HORSE

This variety is developed by almost all beginners who take up the sport.



**Please! I appeal to you!
That's what you think!

THE TYPES OF SADDLES

Choose a comfortable saddle, or you'll end up with an uncomfortable saddle sore.

THE ENGLISH SADDLE



THE WESTERN SADDLE



THE McCLELLAN SADDLE



THE SIDE SADDLE



GETTING ACQUAINTED WITH THE HORSE

Getting acquainted with the horse usually overcomes fear — the horse's, that is.

Approach your horse head-on, talk to him quietly, and pat his nose gently.



Mount him firmly. Never show any fear or nervousness. Horses sense this.



After several rides like this, you'll be ready to try it with a real horse.



MOUNTING THE HORSE

A novice should learn to mount correctly, or else he can't go horseback riding.

Hold reins firmly, grasp saddle, and carefully place foot in left stirrup.



Pull hard, shifting weight onto foot in stirrup, and swing other leg over.



Hey, hold it! That's not right! Maybe you better get off and try it again!



Grasp saddle and carefully place your LEFT foot in the stirrup this time.



Now pull hard, shifting weight onto left foot, and swing right leg over.



Hey, that's not right, either! Maybe you better ask somebody for a boost!



**"I didn't come here to be insulted!
Okay, where would you like to go to be insulted?

GAITING THE HORSE

"Gaiting" is the term used to describe the manner of motion and rate of speed with which you make the horse move. It's much like driving an automobile, and shifting from low to high. Notice how "gaiting" is similar to driving a car –

THE WALK

. . . like first-speed drive.



THE TROT

. . . like second-speed drive.



THE CANTER

. . . like third-speed drive.



THE GALLOP

. . . like high-speed drive.



THE DRAG RACE

. . . like hot-rodders drive.



DISMOUNTING THE HORSE

A novice should learn to dismount correctly, as he may want to quit at any time.

Now pull hard, shifting weight onto left foot, and swing right leg over.



Grasp rear of saddle with left hand, and lower yourself slowly to ground.



Well, not exactly like that! First – be sure to take feet out of stirrups.



**Think of my reputation! *If I do, it'll make me nauseous!*

Here's another installment of that friendly rivalry between the man in black and the man in white, both dedicated to the "cause" . . . of outwitting each other as —





• "Can't you be serious for a minute?
If I could, would I be here with you?

PARCEL PEST DEPT.

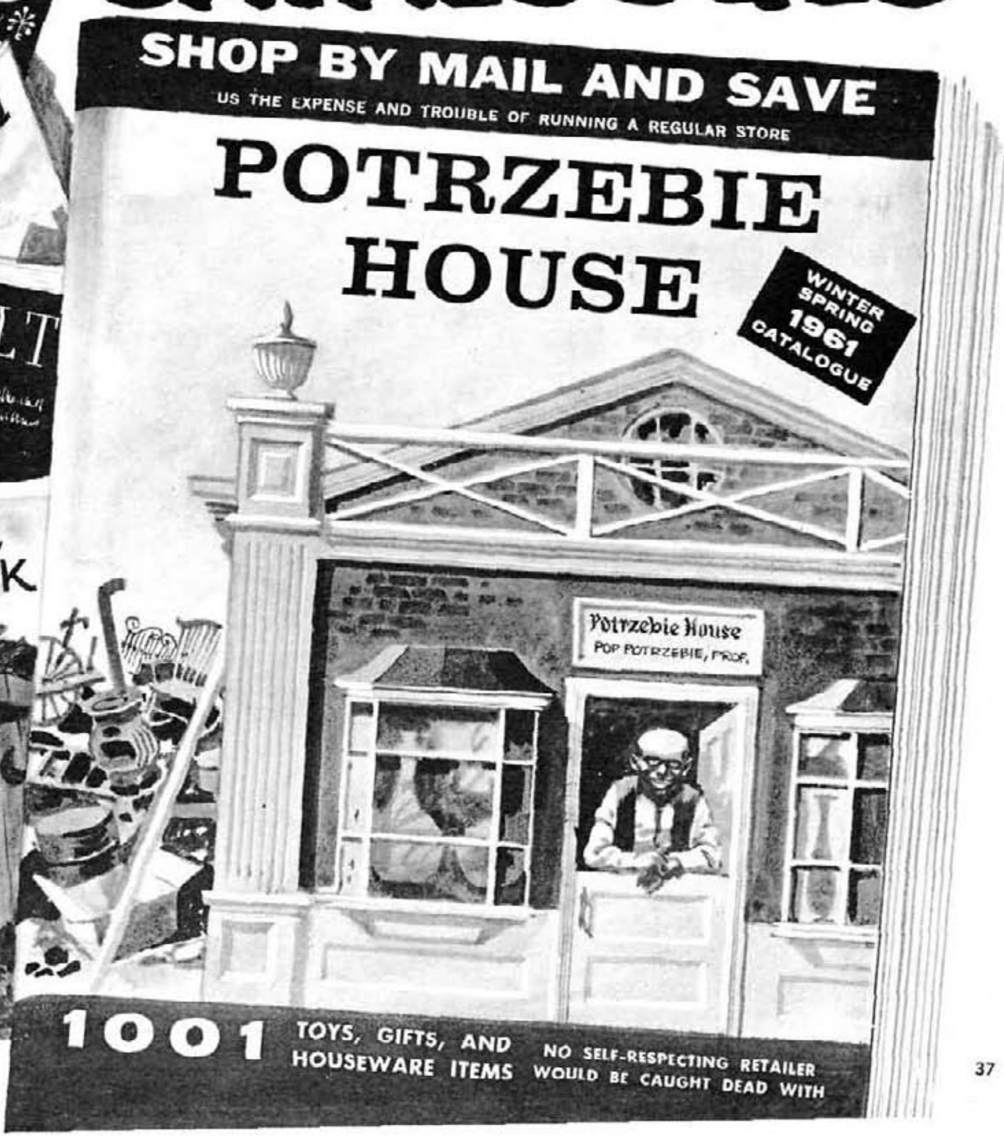
Anyone who owns a mailing address is familiar with the deluge of Mail Order Gift Catalogues blanketing the nation these days. Mail Order, it seems, is rapidly becoming one of America's biggest industries, which is a significant comment on the U.S. Consumer. Obviously, we're getting so lazy, we'd rather shop by mail than travel to a local retail store. Anyway, one of the interesting things we've noticed is that competition among Mail Order Houses centers mainly upon the "unusual". The catalogues they send out are crammed from cover to cover with "odd" or "novelty" items. This has created a bonanza for every nutty inventor who ever picked up a pencil. Here is a ready-and-waiting market for his latest brainchild. Well, not to be out-done, MAD has tried some inventing, too. And we've included our brainchildren in the following pages, which are typical of those to be found in thousands of . . .

MAIL ORDER GIFT CATALOGUES

ART—BOB CLARKE

WRITER: AL JAFFEE





"I don't think . . . I know!
I don't think you know, either!



"Buzzy" Ear Cleaner Electric Drill Attachment

If members of your family seem to be going around with blank stupid stares, they may not be idiots as you suspect. It may be that they don't hear everything they should. This is often due to wax-clogged ears. That's where "Buzzy" comes in. In a jiffy, your whole family's hearing is just as good as new—providing you don't push in too far.
455—Buzzy Ear Cleaner Electric Drill Attachment $5.95



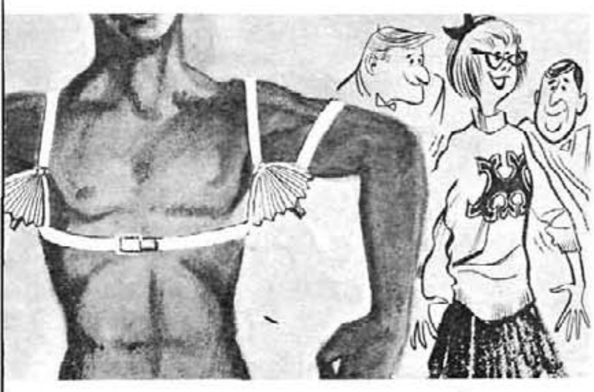
Eye-Fulls

If you have trouble keeping awake on the job because you've watched TV the night before, then these plastic half-eyeballs are just what you need. They fit firmly over your closed eyelids so you look wide awake while napping. Now you can doze at the office without fear of being fired. Also useful at school, church, opera and dull parties.
456—Eye-Fulls (specify color of own eyes) 1 pair $3.98



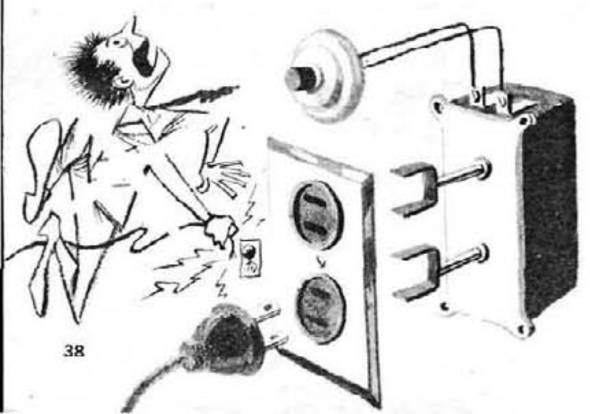
Cry-No-More

You know what a perfect idiot you feel like when you start to peel onions and your eyes start to tear and your mascara starts to run and your nose starts to drip and your make-up and pimples and blackheads start streaming down your cheeks and splashing and splattering the kitchen with an icky mess? Well, now you can forget all that. It's a thing of the past with "Cry-No-More." Simply clamp this amazing gadget on your head and start to peel onions. The battery-operated fan efficiently blows fumes away before they reach your eyes. Also swell for smog and student riots.
431—Cry-No-More $22.50



No Offense Atomizers

At a party, do they shy away from you? Here's the perfect answer to your daintiness worries. This new development is guaranteed to keep you fresh and sweet-smelling, even if you never bathe at all. Easy to use, they fit under any shape arms. Simply fill the secret vials with your favorite perfume or deodorant (strength dependent on your needs). Then, whenever you feel that you might be offending, a few fast arm pumps will release enough perfume to mask any odor, even a skunk's. At parties, people who once shied away from you will now flock to be near the flower-fragrant new you.
432—No Offense Atomizers $7.50



Safety-First Plug-Out

Did you ever have the awful shock of pulling out an electric cord — while the plug stays in the socket? Well, we know people who have—or rather we should say "had"—since they are no longer around. But you never need fear electrocution with "Safety-First Plug-Outs"! Easily attaches to any electric outlet. Then, if you want to remove a plug, simply press a button, and presto! Out it pops! Install one at every outlet in your house, and be sure!
421—Plug-Out (each) $12.50

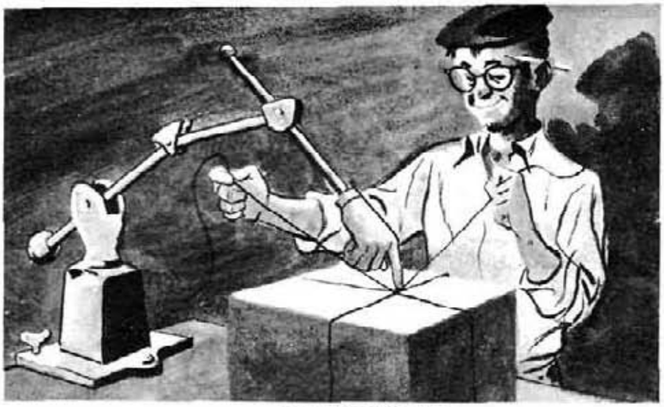
BEFORE SENDING YOUR ORDER, BE SURE YOU HAVE ENCLOSED MONEY

We're not in business for our health!

Luminous Vinyl Car Finder

If you've ever had the sinking feeling of not being able to remember where your car is parked in an unfriendly part of town, then you will certainly want this new and practical "Car Finder." No matter how far you wander from your parked car (up to a range of 30 miles), its location remains clearly in view (unless a fog rolls in). Simply attach the line-reel to your hood, pull the inflating cartridge pin, and a 50-foot luminous vinyl balloon is wafted skyward on a 500-yard nylon line. Can be used over and over with new cartridges.
471—Car Finder $37.50
472—5 Inflating Cartridges $10.00





Extra Knot Finger

You will appreciate this marvelous invention if you've ever had to tie up a package, because you know how close you can come to going completely insane needing, and not having that extra finger to put on the knot. Well, now it's yours—not only a finger but a smartly designed friendly-looking hand. Helps with most any size package.

457—Extra Knot Finger $5.98



No-Spray Beer Can Opener

Here's your chance to end the awful shower of sticky beer foam that saturates everyone whenever you open a can of beer. Also eliminates waste of precious brew. Works like ordinary beer can opener, except that expendable chamber attached to hollow point catches the spray as you open the can. Then, you simply empty it into glass or mouth.

412—No Spray Beer Can Opener (each) $3.95

WE GUARANTEE FULL SATISFACTION OR YOUR MONEY BACK!

Make applications for refund in person at our Hong Kong office.

Gyro-Right Picture Straightener

Are you embarrassed almost to tears when guests arrive, and you suddenly notice a crooked picture on your wall? We know how devastating this can be socially, and so we have solved this problem once and for all with the amazing "Gyro-Right Picture Straightener." Simply hook it to the back of any picture, contract for a new wiring job to bring electric power to its small precision motor, and you'll never have to get sick over a crooked picture again. A miniature gyroscope (just like those used to balance ships at sea) automatically straightens the picture whenever it tilts.

473—Gyro Picture Straightener $98.00



Drugless Sleep-Inducer

Throw away all those habit-forming drugs! Get rid of all those silly-sounding records! Stop eating all those ridiculous foods! Burn that special pillow! Forget about those idiotic things that are supposed to (but seldom do) induce sleep! Here at last is the answer to all your slumber problems. We say this without fear of contradiction: It never fails! The "Drugless Sleep-Inducer" will put you to sleep, or your money wil be refunded! Easy to take, once you get used to it. Fits all standard headboards. As a free bonus, we'll include a year's supply of liniment with each order.

433—Drugless Sleep-Inducer...... $8.95



Garbage Packager

This amazing new machine is a must for every family with an excessive garbage problem. Simply throw your garbage into the polished funnel, turn on the machine, and in a few seconds, out comes a breathtaking, beautifully-wrapped gift package — complete with fancy paper, ribbons, and an attractive bow. All that's left to do now is to mail it to a friend anonymously, or leave it on a train, bus, taxi, or park bench. Anyone who sees you leaving such a lovely-looking package will never tell you about it. They'll want it for themselves. And when they get it home, they're in for a surprise.

434—Garbage Packager $34.95



Clip-On Spy Mirror

Here it is, fellows! Now you can ogle the girls with impunity. This tiny, precision-made mirror mounts unobtrusively onto any magazine or book or newspaper. Permits spying by reader without being obvious. Used today by many detectives and F.B.I. men. Also swell for school when taking exams, as it allows for detecting the teacher when he comes sneaking up from behind. Get yours today, and discover a whole new world—just over your shoulder.

413—Clip-On Spy Mirror $2.95





His & Hers Deodorant Decanters

What more appropriate wedding gift could you bestow upon the lovely bride and charming groom than this? At least, you'll be making sure they won't have their first argument over B.O. And every time they "poof" a fragrant mist, they'll think of you. Tastefully decorated, these matched decanters include a romantically-designed tray-holder.
411—His & Hers Deodorant Decanters (per pair) $11.95



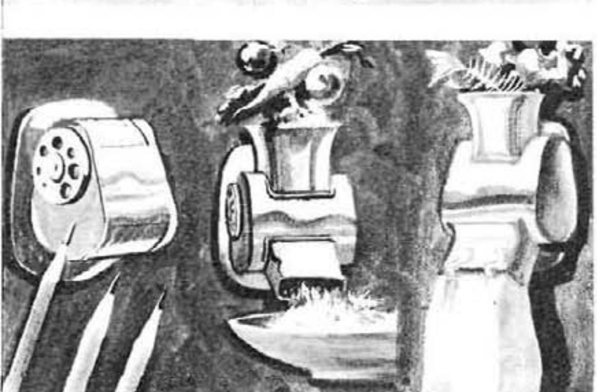
Electric Razor Whisker Mulcher

Electric razor designers included neat little whisker-catchers, but neglected to solve the problem of how to empty them without getting whiskers all over the bathroom. Well, we've got the answer in this compact unit which fits any razor. It literally pulverizes whiskers and blows them away in a pleasant-smelling, almost invisible spray.
458—Whisker Mulcher, 1 unit $9.95



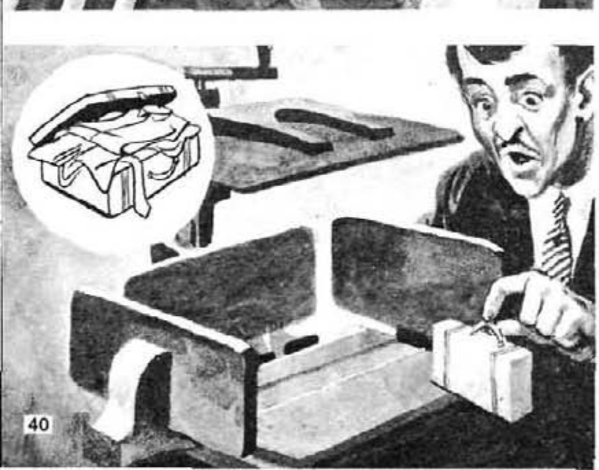
Hollow Soap Cakes

Every homemaker knows what a mess a cake of soap becomes when it is almost, but not quite used up. If it doesn't slip down the drain and clog the trap, it breaks into tiny pieces or melts down to a blob of icky goo in the soap dish. With a "Hollow Soap Cake," this problem is eliminated once and for all. A "Hollow Soap Cake" may not last as long as a regular bar of soap, but it won't end up as a small, messy piece either. When it's half-used up, it's all used up! Get yourself a carton today, and those annoying little pieces of left-over soap will be gone forever. 10 to a box.
414—Hollow Soap (box) $35.00



All-Purpose Cutter

This is a triple-threat tool which ends several household problems at one time. It was conceived by one of America's leading engineers for his own home and discarded almost immediately as impractical. So we bought the plans and now offer it to the idiots on our mailing list. Here are the three things it does:
1. It sharpens pencils perfectly.
2. A simple attachment changes it into a shredder for making salads.
3. Another simple attachment, and it becomes a garbage disposal unit.
Unfortunately, after a few months, the salads taste from graphite and the pencils smell from the garbage.
415—All-Purpose Cutter $19.95



Tite-Squeeze Valise Packer

For every vacationer, traveler, or wife-going-home-to-mother who has ever struggled with an overstuffed suitcase, trying to close it, this great scientific development is an answer to a packer's prayer. Not a gadget, but a precision machine — capable of exerting over 5000 lbs. pressure inward from 4 directions. Guaranteed to close any overpacked suitcase easily and quickly. Saves money, too. Now, one small valise can serve an entire family's needs.
422—Valise Packer $122.50

PLEASE ORDER ALL ITEMS BY THEIR NUMBER

We sell so much junk, we wouldn't know what you were talking about!

Ketchup Bottle Reamer

Do you like ketchup on your meat, french-fries, Jello? If you do, then you surely know how you can go wild with frustration when the bottle is empty, and you try to shake out those last few drops. Now you can clean out every last drop of ketchup from that empty bottle with our wonderful new "Ketchup Bottle Reamer." All you have to do is insert the reamer into the empty bottle and turn the handle. Two absorbent sponges start at the bottom and spiral to the top, mopping up the remaining ketchup. Then, you simply wring out the sponges—and ketchup plops pleasantly on your food.
414—Ketchup Bottle Reamer $7.95



Much has been written about the teenager of today—but in every article we've seen, one important fact has been overlooked or ignored: namely, that the teenager of today is the parent of tomorrow! Yes, frightening as it may seem, we cannot escape the fact that the rebellious adolescent of the present will someday become the mother-symbol and father-image for the rebellious adolescent of the future. So with this horrible thought in mind, MAD presents an article which sneaks a peek into the future for a glimpse of what it will be like when today's teenagers become . . .

TOMORROW'S PARENTS

ARTIST: WALLACE WOOD WRITER: GARY BELKIN





By the 1970's, today's young people will have found the answer to their respective teenage prayers, and many of them will have gotten married and become parents. As all parents do, they will name their children after their own personal idols. The most popular names for boys in 1970 will be Fabian, Frankie, Frankenstein, Bobby, Darin and Elvis. The most popular names for girls in 1970 will be Sandra, Tuesday, Wednesday, Annette, Funicello and Elvis.

Here are two typical parents of 1975 — Fred and Ginger (named after their own parent's idols) Typical — proudly posing behind their two children: five-year-old Tuesday Sandra Typical, and six-year-old Kingston Trio Typical.



When Tuesday and Kingston reach their teens, they've got all the things Fred and Ginger's parents refused to give them: their own rooms, their own phones, monogrammed bongos, subscriptions to MAD, and a fifth-rate education.



Yet, despite all these advantages, Fred and Ginger sense that their children are not turning out "right." Tuesday and Kingston keep their rooms neat and clean, never leave clothes lying around, read books, drink milk, watch only Educational TV, hate Rock 'n Roll, don't go steady (even though both are well past 12), and actually enjoy school.



Sincerely worried about the strange behavior of their two teenage children, Fred and Ginger seek professional help. Reluctantly, they discuss the problem with a psychiatrist:



Temporarily relieved, Fred and Ginger resume their normal lives, hoping for the day when their children's rebellious phase will pass. But one day, that hope is shattered . . .



**Where can I get in touch with you?
No place! I'm ticklish!







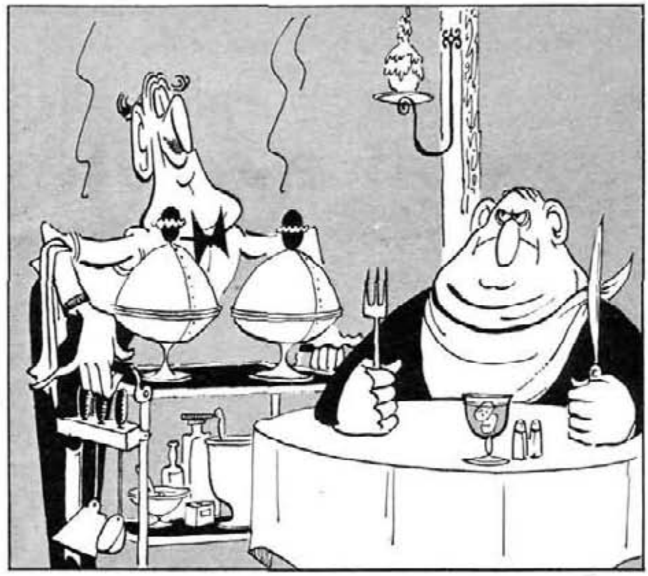
Kingston's remarks are prophetic. In years to come, Fred and Ginger will forgive and accept their children for what they are. However, having failed as doting parents, they will achieve astonishing success as doting grandparents. Because, just as their own children rebelled against them, their grandchildren will rebel against their own parents.

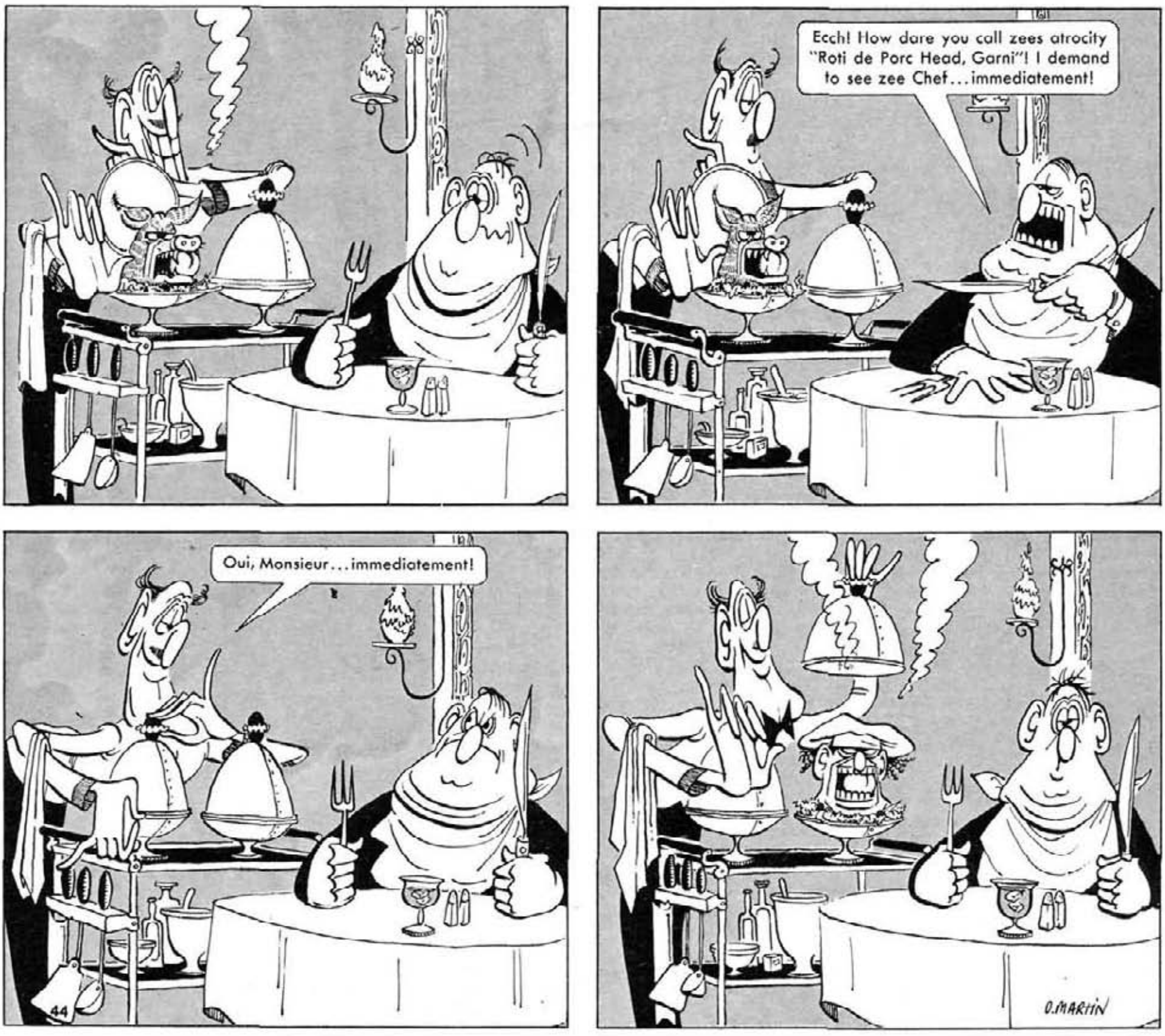


DON MARTIN DEPT. PART III

Don Martin, who is a noted gourmet (He invented french-fried halvah), tells us about sampling strange delicacies . . .

IN A FRENCH RESTAURANT

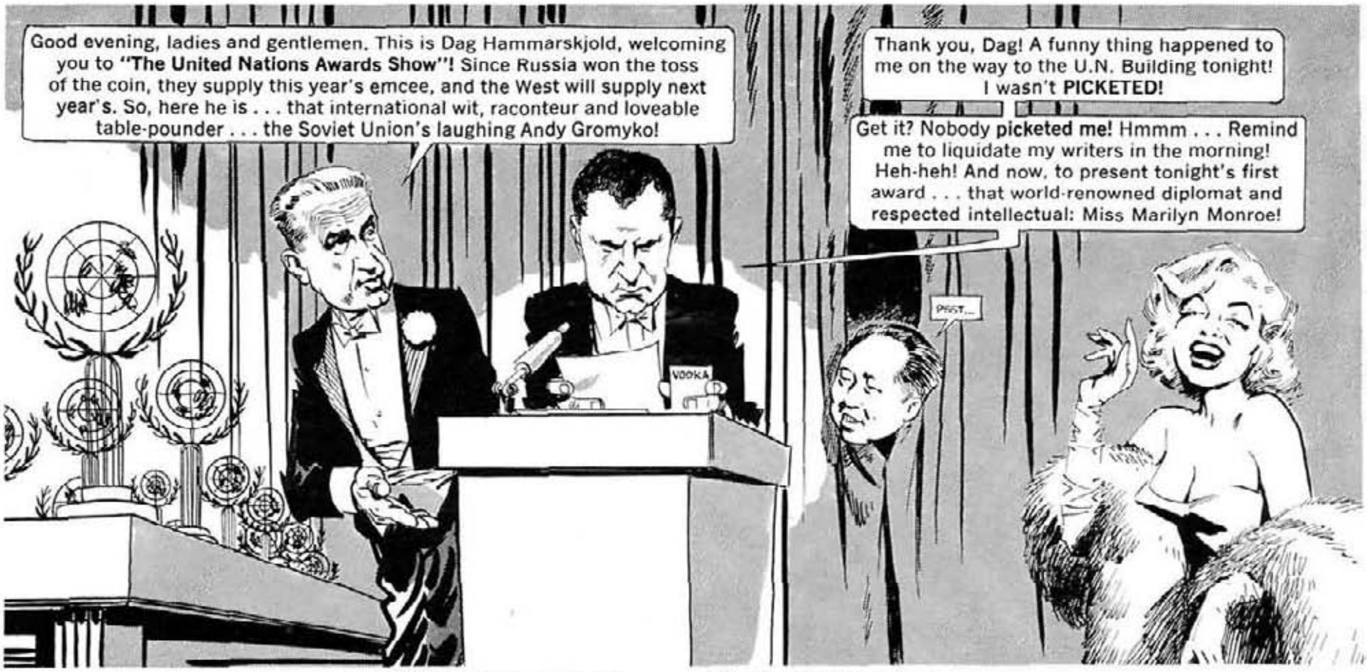




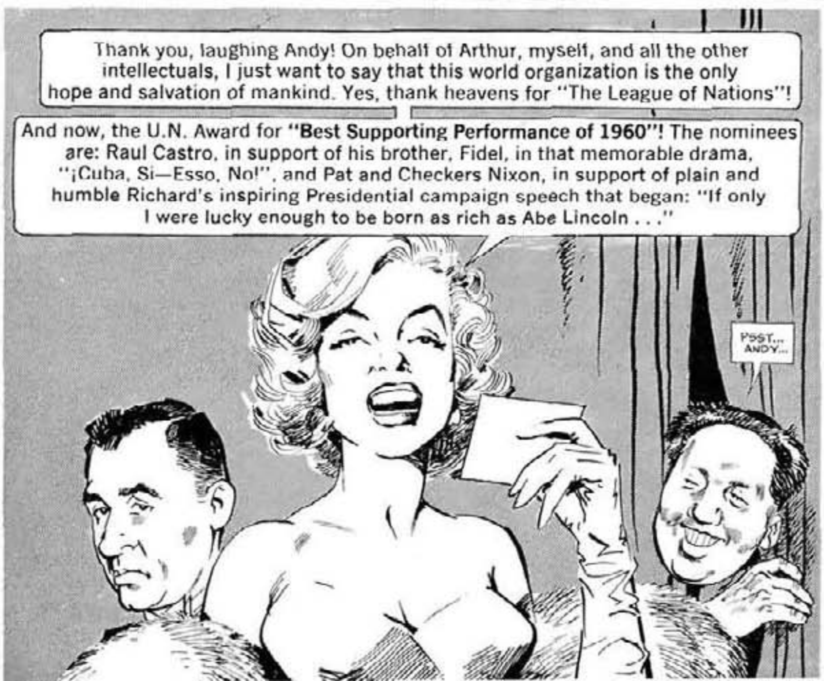
EVERY DAG MUST HAVE HIS DAY DEPT.

Now that the big "Movie Awards" and "Television Awards" season is upon us, we think it's a good time to say that the public attaches entirely too much importance to "Oscars" and "Emmies." We feel that, with the world being in the turmoil it is today, a much greater emphasis ought to be placed on worthwhile International events and people, instead of just motion picture and television achievements. In other words, we think it's time for

THE UNITED NATIONS AWARDS SHOW



ARTIST: MORT DRUCKER WRITER: LARRY SIEGEL





***Let's get together sometime!**
Okay, I'll arrange for the operation!



**"Do me a favor and drop dead!
And then they'll mistake us for twins!


BUTCHER OF HUNGARY! BUTCHER OF HUNGARY!
Here we see vicious New York policemen preventing Soviet-loving Eastern Europeans from embracing our glorious leader outside the U.N. As you can hear, the man in front is identifying himself as one of Premier Khrushchev's admirers. He is telling our leader that his name is Butcher . . . Imré Szép Butcher . . . and that he comes from Hungary . . .
Now, here is our first nomination for the "U.N. Award Song of 1960!"
"There's A Large Hotel" . . . sung by the Glee Club of the Association of Hotel Owners of New York City.
PSST! ANDY!
There's a large hotel, Lived in by Fidel, And all his bearded bunch . . . Together!
There are forty rooms, Which the Health Board dooms, Since they all ate their lunch . . . Together!
Looking down the hallway You could see a sight that sickens: Fourteen hundred chickens . . . They loved chickens!
AND THERE WERE NO TIPS, ONLY GRUNTS FROM BEARDED LIPS!
When that large hotel Said, "Goodbye, Fidel," He paid that large hotel . . . (The bill from that hotel) He paid that large hotel With feathers!
IT LOSES IN THE TRANSLATION, ANDY BOY!
And now, we come to the "Costume and Fashion" part of our program. Here, to present the next award, and narrate the Fashion show, is the very lovely and talented Tab Hunter . . .
GRR...
Thank you, Andy. Our U.N. Fashion Award this year is for "Best Costume Design for an Ensemble which was Made and Never Used." The first nominee is Premier Nikita Khrushchev's "Congo Occupation" ensemble!
The second nomination is Joe Louis's "Cuban Public Relations Job" ensemble!
The third nomination is Dwight D. Eisenhower's "Japanese Golf Course" ensemble.
The award for "Best Costume Design for an Ensemble that was Made and Never Used" goes to— Richard M. Nixon's "Inauguration Suit"!
Here to accept the award is the one and only man who has not deserted him during these last trying months —Richard M. Nixon!
Thank you. As I sincerely said to Pat during our great Kitchen Debate this morning, I am sincerely grateful. What am I sincerely grateful for? I'll tell you what I am sincerely grateful for. I am sincerely grateful for this honor, just as I am sure my opponent would have been sincerely grateful if he had received it instead of yours sincerely!



What do I sincerely say, now that the election campaign is over and my opponent has been inaugurated? I'll tell you what I sincerely say, now that the election campaign is over and he has been inaugurated. I sincerely say that I am watching the trends carefully, that I have sincere faith in the American people, and that I sincerely believe in our ultimate victory. How do I sincerely mean that? I'll tell you how I sincerely mean that! I mean that with all my sincerest insincerity!
Our next award is for "Best Actor of 1960." Here to present the award is the noted American Show-biz personality, Lawrence Welk . . .
In the interest of International Understanding, I will read a simultaneous translation of Mr. Welk's announcements . . .
A-vun-an-a-too-an-a-tree . . .
Mr. Welk says that the three nominees for "Best Actor of 1960" are—Nikita Khrushchev, for his performance at the Paris Summit Meeting . . . Nikita Khrushchev, for his performance at the U.N. . . . and Nikita Khrushchev, for his performance on the Russian Consulate balcony overlooking Park Avenue . . .
The winner of the "Best Actor of 1960 Award" is—ex-chauffeur Andrei Porumbeanu, for his fantastic acting, convincing the world that he was not interested in his wife Gamble Benedict's money!
Accepting the award for Mr. Porumbeanu is the Editor-in-Chief of "Life" Magazine, Mr. Henry Robinson Luce . . .
On behalf of Andrei and Gamble, who gave us exclusive rights to cover their wedding, and for which, out of the goodness of our hearts, "Life" allowed a minister to be present, I would like to thank you all for this award. I'd just like to add that "Life" will also have exclusive coverage of all photos taken of Mr. Porumbeanu's beaming face at Gamble's twenty-first Birthday Party, when she collects all that loot from her trust fund!
—AND REMEMBER YOU AMERICANS, WE MUST ALL STAND TOGETHER BEHIND OUR PRESIDENT, THOMAS E. DEWEY!
And now, the moment you've been waiting for! The winning "United Nations Award Song for 1960" . . .
That beautiful ballad, dedicated to Premier Khrushchev's arrival in New York Harbor for the opening of the U.N. . . . sung by the United Dockworker's Chorus . . . "Red—Sail In Da Sunrise!" . . .
STOP THAT POUNDING DOWN THERE!
Red—Sail in da sunrise; Retoin in dat boat! Or else you will get a Slug right in de troat!
Red—Heed, now, dis warning: Stay 'way from dis shore! We tell youse dis morning: Don' come back no more!
Red—Sail in da sunrise; Toin back to da sea; Youse ain't welcome, here, creep . . . SKIDOO . . . TWENNY TREE!
PSST, ANDY!
And so, ladies and gentlemen, this concludes the 1960 U.N. Awards . . .
Hey, Andy! How 'bout a U.N. Award for us Red Chinese, hah?
Not now, Mao! Maybe next year! Folks, this is laughing Andy . . .
Hey, I do great Tibet-Swallowing act!
Next year! Don't bother me, now! This is Andy Gromyko, thanking you all for being with us . . .
Hey, I do great Saber-Rattling dance!
. . . and saying, G'night, folks! Mao, I thought I told you to wait in the rickshaw . . .

What this country needs is a good 25¢ Humor Magazine!

(Meanwhile . . . until it gets one . . . I'm subscribing to MAD!)



PHOTO BY LESTER KRAUSS

Obviously, Carmine, The Ward Heeler, is not quite de sapio he appears to be. He knows how to make the best deal possible . . . under the circumstances! You can, too!

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225 Lafayette Street
New York 12, New York

I enclose $2.00. Please enter my name on your subscription list, and send the next nine issues of **MAD** to me by mail. I'm making this deal, not because I'm a corrupt politician—just a corrupted fan!



NAME ____________________

ADDRESS ____________________

CITY ____________________ ZONE ____

STATE ____________________



He bought the Brooklyn Bridge with his Sucker Pe

It's natural for a man who is idiot enough to fall for the world's oldest "con-games" to make his insane business deals with a Sucker Fountain Pen. A clod like that simply cannot distinguish between the truth and a bare-faced lie. He uses a Sucker Fountain Pen because he believes all the bare-faced lies we tell in our ads.

It was only natural that the man who bought the Brooklyn Bridge wrote a new chapter in stupidity with a Sucker Pen when he signed a $1,000,000 check "Alfred E. Neuman."

(What was even stupider, the check bounced!)

Sucker 61

THE WORLD'S WORST-MADE FOUNTAIN PEN



15c
UP TO $1.50
(IF WE CAN GET AWAY WITH IT)